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LUCKNOW, CALCUTTA, AND LONDON.

THE state of affairs in India has not changed for the worse since the receipt of the last mail—indeed, in one important particular, it has altered for the better, through the relief of Lieutenant OSBORNE at Rewah. But the clearer knowledge we now possess of the situation of the two Generals at Lucknow furnishes ground for the most serious uneasiness. There is no longer any obscurity in the story of their movements up to the moment when they entered the Residency. They left a small force with their wounded at the Alumbagh—a tomb or funereal-hall surrounded by gardens, situated on the Cawnpore side of Lucknow, and separated from it by a canal. They then crossed the canal, and fought their way through a suburb which conducted them along the side of the city to the Residency. The canal-bridge was almost immediately destroyed by the mutineers, so that the communication between the Residency and the Alumbagh was cut off; and since the first despatches announcing the fact of the relief, and the condition of the garrison relieved, no clear or full intelligence has been received from General OUTRAM. It is probable, that the enemy having pushed their approaches to the very verge of the Residency, the first operations undertaken were the destruction or occupation of the buildings in its vicinity. The attempt seems to have been attended with mixed success and failure; for we hear of an attack on one of the palaces, which miscarried. Any loss which may have been suffered must have occurred in operations like these. There need be no fear that the Sepoys have succeeded in any offensive movement. Meanwhile, the great and serious question relates to the supply of provisions. Food was running short on October 21st; and we fear the convoys stated to have reached Lucknow must only be taken to have got to Alumbagh. What, then, was the extent of deficiency? No one can say; and we can but repeat the dates which measure the approach of relief. Colonel GREATHED was at Cawnpore on the 26th, where he would find about two thousand Europeans, who have been advanced, a hundred or so at a time, from Calcutta. Sir COLIN CAMPBELL left Calcutta on October 27th, and was to be with Colonel GREATHED on November 2nd. He was not of course marching, as the computation of time plainly shows, but hurrying on at express pace. The whole force, rather upwards of 4000 men, would then advance on Lucknow, which it would reach in three or four days from Cawnpore. The fate of the garrison must be at this moment settled. There would not even have been danger, if the troops from England had reached India a fortnight earlier.

The vastness of the host of foes which has closed round the heroic battalions at Lucknow is not quite explained by the accessions of strength which the mutineers have been receiving from Delhi, Agra, and Central India. At the time when OUTRAM and HAVELOCK began their operations from the Residency, the *débris* of the broken bands which had fled before GREATHED and WILSON can hardly have entered Oude in numbers sufficient to fill up the void in the enemy's ranks caused by twenty signal defeats between Cawnpore and Lucknow. Unquestionably, however, we are dealing in Oude with a revolt on the back of a mutiny—not indeed with a popular, but with a proprietary, revolt. The true state of things in Oude was intelligently described, a

few weeks ago, by the correspondent—himself most probably in the thick of the deadly struggle—who has several times enriched our columns with his letters from the seat of war. A swarm of armed and (to some extent) disciplined brigands has been raised against us by the suspicion that we were likely to be guilty of an excess of justice in our new dominion. The right to property in Oude is theoretically determined on the ordinary principles of Hindoo law, but the atrocious misgovernment of the Mogul lieutenants whom we had the folly to turn into Kings, had universally caused might to take the place of right. The vast majority of landed estates, and also of hereditary farmships of taxes, were occupied by men who simply maintained themselves in their position by the help of armed and drilled retainers. The condition of society in Oude may be said in fact to have been depicted by Scott in the romance of *Ivanhoe*. Everywhere Front-de-Bœuf held the castle and the lands—everywhere *Ivanhoe* wandered secretly about the country, begging aid from every cateran who had a thousand matchlock-men to dispose of. It was our misfortune to have it believed that, on our assumption of authority in Oude, we intended to support the gentle *Ivanhoe* against the grim Front-de-Bœuf. There was not, however, the slightest occasion for such quixotism, since, bound as we were to administer rigorous justice for the future, we were under no obligation to repair iniquity perpetrated before our responsibility began. By far the best policy, as our correspondent suggests, would have been to follow the precedent observed in settling the wild country on the hill-frontier of the Punjab, and to proclaim our intention to respect and protect a two or three years' title of *de facto* possession. But we made no such announcement, and our courts solemnly organized themselves. The usurping landholders watched and trembled, till the mutiny came; and then they instantly carried their contingents to the service of NANA SAHIB, each man's eagerness being in exact proportion to the flagrancy of his usurpation. Among the most powerful of the great proprietors is a personage whose name, like so many other Hindoo names, during the progress of these events, has become suddenly and sadly famous. MAUN SINGH is the Marquis of Carabas, the Duke of Devonshire, the colossal landowner, of Oude. He had quarrelled with us before the mutiny and had gone into hiding in Nepal, but the news of the revolt brought him home again, and for a while he seemed to labour under genuine hesitation in choosing his side. His inclination to join the English was indicated by acts for which, as we shall presently show, we owe him even now the deepest gratitude; but in the end he turned against us, influenced (as we are enigmatically told) "by the news of the fall of Delhi." It is just possible that, perceiving that the Sepoy regiments, the heart and strength of the revolt, were about to be recruited by the mutinous occupants of Delhi, he may have begun to consider ours the losing cause in Oude. At all events, he is understood to have carried over to the assistance of the mutineers, a troop of retainers which pretty nearly deserved to be designated as an army.

The defection of MAUN SINGH is a serious blow to us, not because it weighs a feather in jeopardizing our ultimate success, but because it unquestionably adds a new difficulty to the difficult operations between Cawnpore and Lucknow. The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* is of course for treating MAUN SINGH to the punishment which has been inflicted on the princes of Delhi, and which, we firmly believe, awaits the assassin of Bithoor. Yet this gentleman forgets to state, though he must well have known, that MAUN SINGH protected all the Englishmen and Englishwomen in Oude who were within his reach. To him, and to him alone, we owe it that the massacre of Cawnpore was not repeated on the other side of the border. There are other singularities besides

this omission in the Calcutta letter of the *Times*. It is filled with apocryphal stories of Sepoy atrocities, which are of course intended to deepen popular resentment against the innocent countrymen of the guilty mutineers, and it contains one remarkable statement which may be instructively read along with the speeches of the Indian Reformers who had their great gathering at the London Tavern on Wednesday. Calcutta, says the correspondent, is full of complaint that 1500 Europeans should be kept idle at Barrackpore, "rather than slaughter" 3000 Sepoys quartered at that station, who have never mutinied at all. Now, the persons who are unanimous in this complaint were represented at the London Tavern by Mr. MEAD, the Editor of the *Friend of India*. He is one of those journalists who openly (and we doubt not conscientiously) recommend that the policy of CORTEZ and PIZARRO should be substituted in India for the policy of METCALFE, MUNRO, BENTINCK, and ELPHINSTONE. He is a systematic clamourer for "revolutionary energy," or, in other words, for the wholesale burning of villages and for the execution of suspected natives without the silly formality of trial. Yet he stood side by side on the same platform with Mr. GILPIN and Mr. PHILLIMORE, who avow that the rebels had good cause for revolt; and his address was equally cheered with suggestions that the mutiny was provoked by the annexation of Oude, and that the Sepoys were exercising a just retaliation for the diminution of their pay and for the withdrawal of their rights of adoption. The meaning of this is clear. The Young Indians and the Calcutta malcontents have united against the Government which disregards the imbecility of the first, and mitigates the ferocity of the last; and they have united on the only ground which they have in common—an intimate community of ignorance. Why, if they could only have understood each other, they would have torn each other's eyes out. Mr. ERNEST JONES succeeded in involving them in irretrievable ridicule by pledging them to the Five Points of the Charter; but they committed suicide by the mere fact of juxtaposition. They simply ask that the Double Government may be put down, in order that they may see their way to a policy founded on the identity of black and white.

It is very hard to argue with these gentlemen. It is not necessary, indeed, to do so, for Mr. ERNEST JONES has rendered reasoning superfluous; but if there really were any necessity for argument, we have not the least idea how we should set about it. For, though they show the densest ignorance of the whole subject which they meet to talk about, they will have it that their ignorance proves their point. We could easily establish that not one single particular statement made at the India Reform meeting was in accordance with fact; but then the Reformers insist that the Indian Government is condemned by their not understanding it. What a miserable hocus-pocus is this! says Mr. MIALL. Why, one doesn't know where to attack it! Every other department is a simple matter enough. You turn to *Little Dorrit*, or to the papers of the Administrative Reform Association, and there are your commonplaces, your sarcasms, and your proofs of incapacity, all ready to your hand. But this wretched East India Company has the impudence to be unintelligible to the British Platform Agitator. So bold an assertion of the prerogatives of stupidity has something of grandeur about it, but surely it is rather damaging to a Peer. Why is it, by the way, that a Peer is always the greatest sinner on these occasions? The debates of the House of Lords are distinguished by good sense and sound knowledge; but a Lord at a public meeting invariably displays a wealth of ignorance so striking as to make one suspect that, like hereditary wisdom, it must be the gradual accumulation of successive generations. Here is Lord CLANRICARDE announcing that the Secret Committee of the Directors has powers which override the authority of the Crown. If the Marquis had stepped into the library of the House of Lords, and taken down the first volume which came to hand on India—we put it in a dignified and respectful way, but in point of fact if he had gone to a railway bookstall and bought the flimsiest shilling manual on the shelf, the result would have been the same—if he had taken down the first volume which came to hand in the library of the House of Lords, he would have seen that in matters of peace and war the Secret Committee is the passive organ of the Queen's Government. Shall we tell him that Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. SMITH forced the Persian war on the present Directors, just as Lord PALMERSTON or Lord BROUGHTON forced the Afghan war on their predecessors? We do not know whether the information will be of any use to him, but he is welcome to it, at any rate.

THE CAUSE OF THE PANIC.

NOTHING shows so clearly the extent to which the interests of commercial nations are interwoven one with another, as the progress of a panic. Like the cholera, it ranges from one end of the globe to another, seeming occasionally a little capricious in its visitations, but for the most part following laws at least as well understood as those which govern the march and determine the intensity of a physical epidemic. There are countries as famous for originating panics as others are for the development of infection. Other localities, again, are prepared by their commercial position and habitudes to receive the taint at the earliest moment. Some are fortunate enough to lie out of the regular track, and take the disease only in a mitigated form. For some of these variations in the time and intensity of the visitation, it is not difficult to account, while others are so puzzling as to appear to be due to occasional and accidental causes which are hidden beneath the surface of affairs. The general progress of the present disturbance is, however, intelligible enough. America had almost a prescriptive right to set the ball rolling. Her youth and her position, her expansive energies and her comparatively slender capital, her speculative temper, the laxity of her morals in money matters—and, more than all, her free banks, and her more than free press—all conduce to make commercial revulsions quite a natural production of her soil. It was a necessity, too, that the wave which originated in the United States should overflow England before reaching any other country. With so many Anglo-American houses in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, it was hopeless to think of escaping altogether, though there have been abundance of indications that, if our own general commerce had been in as thoroughly sound a state as it was almost universally supposed to be, the American insolvencies would have produced but a slight commotion. After England, Hamburg was likely to be the next sufferer, and now that the trouble has reached that unlucky city, it has borne it even worse than we have. But there seem to have been two concurring, though independent, causes of the extreme severity with which the blow has been felt in Hamburg and Altona. The whole trade of the North of Europe has collapsed to an extent which cannot be wholly attributed to the reaction of the American pressure. There must have been some inherent rottenness in the condition of this branch of commerce, to have led to so many failures both here and in Hamburg. It almost looks as if there were two distinct centres of disturbance—one in the American, and the other in the Northern trade, mutually increasing one another, and adding to the difficulties of those countries which, like our own, had extensive connexions with both.

The comparative exemption of the non-commercial nations of Europe from the prevailing distress is only what might have been foreseen, and reflects no special credit on their peculiar modes of supervising and patronizing industrial and speculative operations. But they were out of the circle, and the only way in which the convulsion could reach them was by creating an unusually high rate of interest, and some disturbance of their foreign exchanges. Apart from any consideration of the monetary systems which prevail in the different countries which have suffered, the relations in which they stand to the localities whence the mischief sprung are enough to account for many of the deplorable results that have been witnessed. But the severity of the visitation has been far greater than it could have been had it fallen upon communities prepared by a previous course of sound and profitable business to bear up against it. Much has been made of the cessation of our usual supply of gold from America, but after all it was only a very few millions at the outside that were withheld, and this loss alone would not have sufficed to create a very extensive derangement of our money market. The amount of debts which ought to have been met by acceptances from America was no doubt much greater, and the failure of the American houses is quite enough to account for the difficulties of one class of traders among ourselves. But the mere withholding of bills which English houses would otherwise have brought into the market to discount, however ruinous to the individual merchants, would not of itself have led to the excessive demand for accommodation that has culminated in the temporary suspension of our monetary system. Unsoundness at home must have been, both here and in Hamburg, the chief element in extending the mischief beyond the immediate circle of the houses in direct

connexion with the United States. However high the rate of discount might have been raised by foreign demand, there would have been no panic here had the business of our own banks and analogous institutions been conducted with reasonable prudence.

The same may probably be said of the Hamburg crash. In fact, from beginning to end, it has been in a great degree a banking affair. Loose banking in America began it. Bill-broking rashness and Scotch banking brought on the climax with us, and now the banks and discounters of Hamburg are falling one after another. The prevalence of speculative money dealings, in all three countries, destroys the value of the comparison that might otherwise have been drawn between the systems of currency adopted in America, England, and Hamburg. Notes upon a basis of securities, with little or no gold, constitute the Transatlantic currency. In Hamburg every note is a representative of so much actual bullion in deposit. We have an intermediate system. Yet none have escaped; and if we can learn nothing else from what has happened, we may be assured of this—that it is possible for the mischievous energies of speculators to derange the affairs of a country, whether its currency be governed by the wisest or the weakest regulations. It is some satisfaction to know that the root of the evil among ourselves will not be allowed to escape observation. We do not imagine that repressive legislation can be founded on any inquiry into banking practices by a Committee of the House of Commons; but it is not unlikely that the revelations to be obtained by such an inquiry might have some influence in correcting the system which has led to such fatal results. America, having been first to yield to panic, is showing now the earliest symptoms of revival. With a prudence creditable to themselves, though indirectly injurious to us, the suspended banks in New York and other States never for a moment relaxed their endeavours to prepare for a resumption of specie payments. Already they have recovered their normal stock of gold; and, to use the graceful language of the *New York Herald*, "We have Wall-street alive again—stocks going up like rockets, and speculators making money like dirt." We must beware, indeed, of relying too much on this estimable print, for it appears now to have become, by an intelligible transition, as enthusiastic in encouraging confidence as it was a month or two ago energetic and successful in creating panic. There is every appearance, however, of a decided recovery in America, which will help our own progress towards a natural condition of trade. Hamburg alone has shown no sign of improvement; but it is to be hoped that the worst has been reached, and that the steady co-operation of her citizens in their attempts to meet the panic will not long remain fruitless. The formation of a discount bank to meet the emergency is certainly a safer and more rational form of relief than the step by which we have laid the foundation for a regular series of similar misfortunes. When things shall have taken a favourable turn in Hamburg, the crisis will be everywhere over, and the trade of the world will begin a fresh career—we wish we could say with some new store of wisdom gathered from the experience of recent calamities.

A PAIR OF CIVES ROMANI.

IT is a "blessed privilege" (as Mrs. Gamp and Lord PAMURE would say) to feel that we are all of us *Cives Romani*, living under the protecting shadow of the "terrible PALMERSTON." What proud and lofty associations cluster round this celebrated watchword—how dinner-tables have sent back the echoes of the hustings—and how each free-born Briton, has felt, as he cheered the sentiment, that PALMERSTON was the man to flog the universe! Indeed, the position of which each travelling Briton is thus assured is no mean one. Of those who "hooray" for PALMERSTON and the *Cives Romani*, probably nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand have as little notion of what Roman citizenship meant as they have of most of the subjects and persons in whose favour their noisy enthusiasm boils over. But those who understand the real nature of the claim in virtue of which ST. PAUL "appealed unto CÆSAR," will properly appreciate the position which, under the auspices of Lord PALMERSTON, every Englishman occupies in the *orbis terrarum*. It was by the title of her universal dominion that every citizen of Rome could appeal from the municipal laws of any country in which he might happen to be, to the supreme jurisdiction of the metropolitan Government. Our character as *Cives Romani* must,

of course, equally belong to us in right of an unquestioned supremacy, by which alone any one nation can claim to exempt itself from the obligations of international law. It is only in virtue of a similar universal dominion that we can pretend to demur to the jurisdiction of States whose authority can be disputed only on the ground that they are not independent. It is right that this should be properly understood, because otherwise we might fail to appreciate the full extent of the privilege with which Lord PALMERSTON endowed us when he raised us from the position of subjects of a powerful and independent State into the rank of citizens of a universal Empire.

The consequences of the *Cives Romanus* doctrine are not only very grand, but very comfortable. "Other Ministers may basely betray their countrymen, and truckle to the menaces of despots, but as long as PALMERSTON is at the helm, the Englishman may everywhere walk erect over the necks of the cringing minions of tyranny." We quote from memory, and do not vouch for the exact words, but this is pretty nearly the tune of the hustings "Bunkum" of your true PALMERSTONIAN policy. Though, for our own part, we prefer walking on the road to walking over the necks of any number of minions, we don't deny the advantages of the liberty, secured to those who have a taste for it, of taking the latter kind of exercise. No doubt the ideal of the PALMERSTON-protected Englishman starting for foreign lands would supply a noble subject for a national picture. He carries with him not only his portmanteau and his rug, but is attended, wherever he goes, by civil and religious liberty all over the world, flanked by the *habeas corpus* Act and trial by jury. Thus equipped, he may set forth, like Mr. Micawber, "prompt and defensive," bearing in his mouth the potent name before which all jailors bow, and at which minions turn pale. To the interrogatories of tyrants he can boldly reply—"Despot, if you wish to know, my Christian name is *Civis*, and my surname is *Romanus*, and if you desire any further information, I beg to refer you to Viscount PALMERSTON." Can anything be more agreeable to the feelings of an individual, or more flattering to the national pride, than this graceful ideal of the conventional Englishman abroad dwelling in safety under the potent protection of a conventional PALMERSTON?

Unfortunately, the real does not always fulfil the anticipations of the ideal. There happen at this moment to be, in the dominions of the King of NAPLES, a pair of *Cives Romani*, who enjoy the special privilege of living at a time when the whole power of England is at the disposal of the great hero of a "spirited foreign policy." We do not attempt to portray the advantages which have accrued to them from a protection which was so grandiloquently set forth by Lord PALMERSTON, on the memorable occasion of the Greek debate, as one under which "a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong." His Lordship's more recent portrait of protected Englishmen is so graphic, and, we have no doubt, so true to nature, that we transcribe it in the very words in which it was presented, a few nights ago, to an admiring Parliament. Our readers will see what "the watchful eye and strong arm of England" has done for the PREMIER'S protégés:—

That which they complain of is, I am afraid, not at all exceptional. Of course, it is well known that Neapolitan prisons are really a disgrace to a civilized country, and that the treatment to which prisoners are subjected is more fitting a barbarous age than the present time. (Cheers.) However, the engineers had not been subjected to anything like torture, except that the suffering from being handcuffed and strapped when no such security was necessary may be somewhat of that description. They had been confined at first, and for three months, in a dark, damp, gloomy cell, with attendant circumstances which made it particularly offensive and injurious to health. Their health had suffered, and it is quite true, though it was not stated to the chaplain, that one of them, in a fit of despondency, occasioned by the treatment they were undergoing, and the prospects before them, did attempt his life. There was also reason to think that, on one of the interrogatories of a witness, an attempt was made to falsify the evidence. It was corrected, and the statement was afterwards made such as the witness deposed. With regard to their present situation, the account of the acting consul and the father tallies very much with the report which Mr. Pugh had made—namely, that they were in an apartment sufficiently airy, and that there was nothing in their present treatment which could be materially complained of. I should state, also, that, with regard to their former treatment, they complained excessively of very bad food—bread so black and unwholesome that they could not eat it, and soup nauseous and unfit to take. We are still expecting an answer from Signor C'raffa, and until that is received there is nothing further to state.

We do not exactly comprehend the "cheers;" for the fact that the habitation to which the *Cives* are consigned "is a disgrace to a civilized country," and "only fit for a barbarous age," seems anything but consolatory, in the absence of any assurance that they are ever likely to be released from it.

And, after viewing this daguerreotype exhibited by Lord PALMERSTON, we cannot help asking ourselves whether, after all, the *Civis Romanus* is substantially so very much better off abroad than the *Civis Gallicus*, or the *Civis Germanicus*, or the *Civis Italicus*, or any other *Civis* whatever. It may be, and no doubt is, a very proud position to dwell under the shadow of Lord PALMERSTON; but we do not exactly perceive in what respect the situation of the two engineers would have been less agreeable if they had cried for help to—let us say, by way of bathos—Lord MALMESBURY. All that the “watchful eye and strong arm” seem to be doing is to occupy themselves in “expecting an answer from Signor CARAFFA.” Nor is this the first instance in which our faith has been rudely shaken in the omnipotence of a “spirited foreign policy.” It is only a few months ago that we called attention to the singular exemplification of the working of the *Civis Romanus* doctrine, in the abandonment of the innocent inhabitants of Greytown to fire and sword, without redress, or even remonstrance, on the part of the English Foreign Office. It is a remarkable fact that, since the promulgation of this celebrated canon of foreign policy, the only individuals who have derived any practical advantage from its application have been the Portuguese Jew in whose behalf it was first enunciated, and the Chinese crew of the piratical lorcha. Hundreds of Englishmen have been plundered and driven from house and home at Greytown, and two *Cives Romani* have been cast into a loathsome dungeon at Naples; and yet there are still found people simple and credulous enough to believe in the peculiar and saving virtues of a so-called “spirited foreign policy.”

Nothing can be further from our intention than to sneer at or disparage a foreign policy which should be really entitled to the name of “spirited.” Such a policy we firmly believe to be not only the right, but the bounden duty of a Power which, like England, occupies the first rank in the civilized world. What we complain of as an outrage on public honesty, and an insult to the national intellect, is the bragadocio that is for ever enunciating vaunts which the Minister who utters them knows, better than anybody else, that he neither can nor intends to make good. What we protest against, on behalf of a brave and honest people, is the practice of menaces which are not meant to be enforced, and a swagger which is reserved exclusively for Blue-books and the Treasury Bench. We are among the number of those who think that the grievances which led to the suspension of diplomatic relations with the Court of Naples were such as would have justified far more effective and stringent proceedings. There is no Government in Europe so mean or so justly despised as that of Naples. And yet it is this paltry Power which has been enabled to laugh with impunity at the remonstrances, and even the menaces of England, under the auspices of a “spirited foreign policy.” We have heard much of the wholesome terror inspired in the hearts of foreign tyrants by the name of PALMERSTON. That the name may be disliked we readily believe, but we confess we fail altogether to discover any signs of fear. The conduct of the King of NAPLES, both in former and recent transactions, seems to exhibit a total absence, not only of any special alarm, but even of that ordinary respect to which the Minister of Great Britain is entitled. He had wit enough to estimate the bluster of a “spirited foreign policy” at its true value; and it has proved that he was not mistaken.

If there are still any persons left sufficiently credulous to suppose that, but for our Indian difficulties, a different course would have been adopted, we beg to refer them to the PREMIER'S Mansion-house speech. There, in the true old style, foreign nations were informed “that if they had ever dreamt in their visions that the exertions which we had been compelled to make in India had lessened our strength at home,” &c., “they would teach the world that it would not be a safe game to play to attempt to take advantage of that which was erroneously imagined to be the moment of our weakness.” If this is good for any power in Europe, we suppose it is good for Naples. After this, Lord PALMERSTON at least cannot plead the state of India as a ground for the suspension of his favourite doctrine.

If it is said that the law of nations must take its course, we answer—that may be very true and very wise; but it is precisely on the repudiation of this maxim of foreign policy, of which the *Civis Romanus sum* formula is the emphatic denial, that the political reputation of Lord PALMERSTON is founded. To claim for our subjects abroad the benefit of the laws, such as they are, of the country in which they are sojourning, is

a right common to every Government, and, as far as we know, no Minister in this or any other nation has ever abandoned it. But Lord PALMERSTON has made political capital, at the expense of his opponents, by pretending that he could and would do more than this. He sought to persuade the ignorant, who judge by words and not by facts, that he alone could place his countrymen in a different position from that of Englishmen living under any other Administration. No one knew better than Lord PALMERSTON himself that this was a vaunt which he neither could nor would attempt to make good. And it is for this reason that, on the authority of the description given of the helpless and unprotected Englishmen at Naples by the author of the *Civis Romanus* doctrine himself, we pronounce the pretensions of a “spirited foreign policy” to be nothing better than a political imposture.

THE LORDS ON INDIA.

THE Lords sometimes show more of the spirit of the Roman Senate in national emergencies than the Commons. They have in them, indeed, among mere transmitters of foolish faces, some veteran servants of the State, cooled by experience of affairs, identified more with the greatness of the country than with that of a party, and raised by their acknowledged position above factious ambition, who form an element more nearly akin to the “Assembly of Kings” than anything else in our institutions. We should be very sorry if the House of Lords made our laws, because we should then be still in the enjoyment of rotten boroughs, Test and Corporation Acts, Corn Laws, and Eldonian jurisprudence. But we confess that in any great national peril we would far rather fall into their hands than into the hands of the Commons, and we believe most reasonable Liberals would agree with us. The tendency of political progress may be towards the ultimate replacement of an hereditary Peerage by something more in the nature of a Senate. It is difficult indeed, even for the greatest enemies of revolutions to see how, amidst the overtopping powers of wealth and intellect, the power of mere birth can permanently hold its ground, and continue to form a sufficient conservative element in the State. But the place now occupied by the Lords must be always occupied by something very unlike the Commons, if we are not to have an anarchy of aspiring factions in our affairs. The power of legislation the Peers have lost in all subjects about which the people feel any real interest. The utmost that the Tory majority among them can venture on is occasionally to mangle a Bill of secondary importance, and to do a little ancient injustice to a few disregarded Jews. But their leading members form, on great occasions, a calm and dignified Council of State, the functions of which, if they are ever to be abolished, must be carefully replaced.

The speech of Lord GREY in the debate on the Arms and Press Acts on Tuesday night, was a good instance of the best spirit of the Lords. Lord GREY, with great powers and knowledge, is in the trying position of being excluded from a Ministry of his own party. It is true his exclusion is the natural result of some wayward, though conscientious conduct. But of course he cannot see this, though others can; and his temper is not in general one of placid acquiescence. If he were in the Commons, he would very likely make factious speeches. But in the calmer atmosphere of the Lords, his speech in answer to the attacks made on Lord CANNING was one of which the assembly to which it was addressed has reason to be proud. He said the one thing needful on the subject of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S conduct—“that we should not upon any account, by any incautious word which we may utter in places from which every word that we may say goes to the furthest extremity of the world, do anything which can diminish the moral power of the man who is entrusted with the great authority of the Governor-General of India.” Such is the simple dictate alike of generosity and of patriotism. This is not the time for judging Lord CANNING, but for supporting him. The time for judging him will come hereafter, when his work is done and when he renders his account. We do not wish that Lord CANNING should be praised—much less that he should be indiscriminately praised. We can well imagine that he and his advisers have committed errors in a crisis in which errors would probably have been committed by a CÆSAR. We own that he is by no means the man we should have chosen for the Governor-Generalship of India when India was flaming with civil war. He would not himself have thought his

own powers equal to such a task. Everybody has regarded him as an honest politician, and one by no means wanting in courage. In the Cabinet, we believe he was firm to obstinacy in taking his own line, though he held only a subordinate place. But no one ever dreamed that he was a man of "extraordinary resource;" and the hectoring speech in which Lord PALMERSTON applied that term to him was foolish in itself, and calculated to provoke that inopportune criticism which it was intended to bully and disarm. What we do know is, that he has done his utmost, and that, the mutiny having broken out—whether through his default or otherwise, it is impossible yet to say—his measures to repress it have been on the whole successful. General success must always be held to cover minor errors—if it did not, we might cashier a WELLINGTON. There is, therefore, no ground for the perilous step of changing the Governor-General, nor does any responsible person propose to do so; and the only other alternative for a good citizen is to back and encourage him with all his might. If he were here, struggling before our eyes with the public enemy, we should not try to unman and unnerve him by captious criticisms—we should try to cheer and inspirit him by sympathy and applause. Let us act as if he were really before our eyes. Distance in this case only strengthens the obligation, since we can be less sure—we cannot, in spite of all the venomous "Red Pamphlets" in creation be at all sure—that our criticisms are just. Of course we must form opinions on every event and measure that we hear of. We cannot help doing so. But it is a strange sophism to infer that, because we must form opinions, we must also express them, to the detriment of our own cause. If Lord CANNING is unequal to his terrible task, the want of support and sympathy will only make him more unequal. If he is not a great man himself, England, while he fights for her, must lend him her greatness. While he is clothed with that greatness, the public enemy will quail before him as if it were his own. Our famous forerunners in the path of Empire left us no lesson more signal than that of throwing the whole force of the State loyally and heartily into the hands of its chiefs, when engaged, however unsuccessfully, in a struggle with the public enemy. Carthage was cold to HANNIBAL, and he fell. He fell before far inferior men backed by the Senate which went forth in state to thank VARRO after Cannæ. It was in that moral effort, unequal as yet in history, and not on the fields of Zama and Cynocephalæ, that Rome, though vanquished, won the ancient world.

The conduct of Lord ELLENBOROUGH is not so good, though his tone latterly has become more worthy of a great English statesman. He has great excuses for want of self-control. He may naturally feel that he ought, at this moment, to be Minister for India. His exclusion from a post of direct utility at such a juncture as the present is one of those sad necessities which result from the system of party government, and which, as party spirit fails, will perhaps gradually undermine that system in the opinion of the nation. He may well be pardoned for seeing with mortification and contempt the place which he must deem his own, occupied by a man who has been tossed into it by the caprice of fortune—or, worse than the caprice of fortune, by the favour of a leader to whom he had assiduously devoted himself, and who has been always faithful to his parasites, though he is sometimes perfidious to his friends. The only chance which Mr. VERNON SMITH has of redeeming his name from the ridicule of history is by imitating the moral greatness, which more than covered the military inferiority, of General CANNIBAL, and resigning the office which he holds but does not administer, at once into other hands. But that which makes Lord ELLENBOROUGH restless, and renders him forgetful of the duty which an eminent Governor-General owes to another Governor-General, fighting for the salvation of the Empire against mutiny without and discontent within, is not the nobler part of his nature. The vanity of the warrior-civilian and the bulletin-writer of Somnauth has marred his grander ambition, and makes him sometimes creep, in wounded self-love, when he might tower in patriotic pride. He cannot really suppose that the question of liberty to carry arms is one in which we ought to interfere with the discretion of the Governor of a country which is in more than a state of siege. He cannot really believe that an excess or defect in fettering the liberty of a very low press during the agony of an Empire, is a fault which he ought at such a moment as this to be extreme to mark. He cannot possibly sympathize with the crowd of traders and

lawyers who are yelping for what they call revolutionary energy at Calcutta, against the Government at which they yelp. He must see the great moral part that is offered to him. But the wound of self-love rankles, and makes him throw away one of the noblest opportunities that has been given to a public man in our day. Vanity has spoiled half the greatness in the world.

THE EXETER HALL SERVICES AND LORD SHAFTESBURY.

FAR be it from us to form, still less to pronounce, an opinion about the depth and extent of Lord SHAFTESBURY's zeal for souls. He has not only no misgivings as to the fact, but he certainly has no inconvenient modesty about revealing his virtue. He is the leader of a religious party; and if a party is benefited by the bold and swaggering bearing of a leader, the Puritan school is happy in its head. It is scarcely the usual characteristic of zeal for others to talk much about oneself; but Lord SHAFTESBURY has no diffidence in asserting his own sincerity. He resents all checks and difficulties as personal insults. The Exeter Hall services being his scheme, he fights for it accordingly. He takes it up in the true tone of a partisan, and makes a personal quarrel of it. He tells the House of Lords, in the historical survey of the late experiment:—"It was for enabling us to open places of worship that the Act of last Session was passed"—"*we* found it necessary to accommodate ourselves," &c.—"*we* resolved to invite the working classes." *Ego et rex meus*. With this burning zeal for the salvation of souls consuming Lord SHAFTESBURY, it becomes a question why these services were intermitted during the long vacation. The perishing thousands go on perishing while London is out of town; but it seems to be a special means of grace that a preaching platform should be graced by Peers and Parliament-men. The salt is good, but PANMURE is its essential savour. To bystanders, the Exeter Hall experiment seems to have a double object—to attract poor people, and to exhibit in an imposing way the principles of a sectarian school, and the commanding fact of the Hon. ARTHUR KINNAIRD's adhesion to it. It is because it is so essentially a party movement, not because preaching in a concert-room is good or bad, that it has alarmed and disgusted sober people, who will not swallow the Shibboleth of Puritanism. The preachers of last season were all of one religious *clique*, and that the narrowest and most ignorant; and the services were—whether intentionally or not—made the vehicle of party polemics. The Secretary of the Exeter Hall Committee was only notorious for great efforts to terrorize and denounce an opposing school; and at least one of the services was made the occasion of circulating tracts and appeals against an influential section of the Church of England. These are the things which led many to distrust the native purity and single-mindedness of the Exeter Hall preachings. And certainly Lord SHAFTESBURY has done his best to keep up this feeling of suspicion. In his interview with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, he openly avowed, and the PRIMATE is said to have endorsed, the party character and purpose of the services. It is, therefore, not wonderful that the scheme should have attracted opposition, not for any principle which it involved, but for the way in which it was put on the stage. Lord SHAFTESBURY did everything which he could to suggest that the experiment had ulterior objects.

It only argues ignorance of the principles of existing schools of religious thought to charge want of sympathy with the poor upon High Churchmen, or upon Churchmen of other shades of opinion who differ from Lord SHAFTESBURY. High Churchmen, it is a notorious fact, are just as active in innovating upon cut-and-dry systems as is Lord SHAFTESBURY. Shorter services—street preaching—revival sermons—town missions—are recommended and practised in the extreme ranks of what is called Tractarianism. Nor is jealousy for maintaining in all its technical strictness the rigidity of the parochial system at all a distinctive mark of any school in the Church of England. The vicar of Islington lately refused to sanction the building and endowment of a new church in that huge parish, on the avowed ground that its pulpit might sound with doctrines unpalatable to his own ears, and discordant with his own and his curates' homiletics. The real fact is, that now, as ever, religionists, of whatever school, do their utmost, and reasonably enough, to further their own views, and to discourage those of their opponents. High Churchmen dislike and discourage the Exeter Hall services of last season's pat-

tern, because they know that in practice those services are made the vehicle of disparaging High Churchmanship, and of propagandizing its opposite. And Lord SHAFTESBURY has been sarcastically congratulated by the Bishop of St. DAVID's, in a late charge, on his extraordinary and new-born fervour for deference to the Episcopal authority. Is it uncharitable to suggest that the influence of Bishops TAIT, VILLIERS, and BICKERSTETH may have something to do with this singular change in his lordship's ways of thinking? As to the sticklers for the exclusive rights of the parochial minister in his own parish, there is not a pin to choose either way. Mr. SCOBELL, of Lewes, protests against Mr. NEALE's "ministrations in my parish," in the very words with which Dr. HOOK would resist the interference of unauthorized Scripture readers in Leeds. It is therefore, quite beside the question to attempt to credit one party with an exclusive zeal for souls, or to debit those who disagree with them with a stiff adherence to the traditions of the parochial principle. Either party innovates, and only shows its good sense in innovating in whatever direction it can best advance its own views. The Exeter Hall services are not unnaturally and unreasonably suspected, because they are known to have originated in a party move; and Episcopal authority is, with a transparent policy, exalted, because it is found to be a convenient party instrument.

As to the actual good resulting from the Exeter Hall services, we may all form our own opinion. Theoretically, we do not believe in their efficacy; and the testimony that they have failed in attracting those for whose benefit they were designed is at least as strong as the evidence the other way. Men without religion, or a taste for it, will not, we suspect, be attracted to it by any religious services. Their conversion must begin elsewhere. They must feel the want of religion before they will take it in any ready-made form. A drunkard is not reformed by increasing the number of street pumps. But, as a mere question of policy, we think the inhibition of the Exeter Hall services was a mistake. As an experiment, the scheme was worth trying; but, to all appearance, the thing was dwindling down by its own weakness, and the list of preachers for the present season exhibited only the fourth-rate sweepings of the Evangelical pulpits. Mr. EDOUARD has unintentionally given the experiment a life which was not inherent in it, and an importance which its success had not attracted. All the good and all the harm which could have come of it were negative. Lord SHAFTESBURY himself admits that it was intended for those who had prejudices against entering either church or meeting-house, and he boasts that he planted door-keepers to exclude those who did not seem to stand in this very anomalous relation towards religion.

As to the necessity of upholding at all hazards the absolute inviolability of the parochial system, the question is but one of degree. The parochial system is a matter of canonical convenience—nobody pretends that it is a Divine institution. The Church ought to have the right of dispensing with it upon the very same grounds on which she constructed it. The Bishop is the source of jurisdiction; and he delegates it to the parochial minister, who is his representative, not, *pace* that eminent canonist Lord CAMPBELL, his associate. But the Bishop ought to have the power to resume his inherent jurisdiction, and for special purposes to delegate it to other quarters. That the population of large towns furnishes an apt occasion for this power to revert to its original source, there can be no question. And High Churchmen would do well to recognise this necessity. In securing, as they have done, Westminster Abbey, and in struggling, as they are doing, for St. Paul's, for evening sermons, they admit that the chief pastor of the Metropolitan Church has rights over and beyond his parochial delegates. There ought to be, and we believe there is, no reluctance to admit that, as far as the principle of Lord SHAFTESBURY's present Bill goes to withdraw the parochial preacher's right to inhibit occasional services, it is not one to be contested. The vice of the Bill is its negative character and offensive form. It ought to have empowered the Bishop, on his own authority, and therefore at his own peril, to authorize and to license such services. All that it does is to give "our committee" power to organize them—throwing upon the incumbent and Bishop conjointly the merely odious function of preventing them. And in practice it will tell both ways. Mr. HATCHARD, of Plymouth, for example, may object to the irruption of a "Tractarian" set of preachers into his parish; but the Bishop of EXETER may decline to countersign his inhibition, and

Mr. HATCHARD is powerless. Or a "Tractarian" vicar in Carlisle may summon a chosen body of those like-minded with himself, under the shadow of the Cathedral, and Bishop VILLIERS has no right, under Lord SHAFTESBURY's Bill, to interfere. Are Evangelicals prepared for this result? The incidence of the proposed measure on the integrity of the parochial system is comparatively unimportant. Both parties in the Church are willing, as we have said, to surrender this for larger advantages. The question is, whether the innovation will secure these advantages, and it is one which equally concerns Low and High Churchmen. On either side, opinions will be very much divided. Sticklers for the autocracy of the parish minister are, we repeat it, quite as numerous among Evangelicals as their opponents; and Lord SHAFTESBURY has not the smallest right to claim for his own school a monopoly of "interest in the eternal welfare of the working classes."

Never did anybody succeed so thoroughly in damaging his own cause as Lord SHAFTESBURY. Indecency was not too strong a term for his recent exhibition of personal vanity and arrogance. Whether the parochial system is good or bad, and whether it ought to be, under existing circumstances, relaxed—whether the Church ought not to have the power of revising from time to time its internal laws to suit the growing emergencies of our social state—these are grave questions. But to attempt to upset the system of a thousand years in "a short Bill"—to call upon Parliament, without inquiry, and at twenty-four hours' notice, to deprive thousands of citizens of rights which the law has in fact, whether wisely or not, conferred upon them, simply to salve the wounded honour of "our committee" and to avenge a personal slight—was a piece of bad taste, worse policy, and still worse feeling. Why, the Bill is so clumsily drawn that it is not English. "No inhibition of such incumbent shall avail so as to prevent any ordained minister from conducting or taking part in any congregation or assembly occasionally meeting for religious worship." An ordained minister conducting a congregation! Of course the Bill means to say what the margin does say—"conducting certain religious services." It is a pity that in the tempest of disappointed vanity, Lord SHAFTESBURY forgot his syntax with his sense. But good will come of it. Sincere friends of religion, and of the Church of England, will see that party spirit often defeats itself; and if High Churchmen are wise, they will, as they have already done as regards Westminster Abbey, show that they have higher objects than the maintenance, under all circumstances, of such a framework, useful in its place, as the indefectible parochial system, which, as in large towns, is incapable of discharging its own most useful functions.

CRUELTY ON THE HIGH SEAS.

WE should like to have it explained why a seafaring life has a strange tendency to develop certain inhuman forms of cruelty. The fact appears to be indisputable. On Monday, the readers of the daily newspapers were horrified by a case of brutal cruelty practised by the master of a Liverpool trader on a Spanish or Portuguese seaman; and the same journals gave the first intimation of a similar case investigated at the Thames Police Office on the previous Thursday. Early in the last month, a British sailor handed in a statement at that office, detailing the frightful outrages to which he had been subjected in the American merchant service. At Liverpool, scarcely a week, and never an assize, passes without proofs of similar brutality; nor have we forgotten the case of that eminent villain, "Captain HENRY ROGERS," who in September received the honours of canonization and the halter in that town. To such a pitch has the crime of savage assault on the high seas risen—particularly in the American trade—that a formal investigation into the whole matter was recently proposed, though we do not know whether it has been carried out. The matter is certainly of sufficient importance to call for inquiry. The number of vessels afloat in the British merchant service is stated at more than 34,000, and the number of seamen employed is reckoned at 243,000. In other words, here are nearly a quarter of a million of persons who are practically deprived of the ordinary safeguards of social order. Their appeal for protection is surely no light one.

We do not mean to say that there are no laws in force to restrain a brutal captain; nor are we arguing that there should not be special and extraordinary powers given to masters of vessels for enforcing discipline and obedience on the high

seas. From the nature of the case, something of the despot must attach to the solitary responsibility of a captain during a voyage; and this is felt to be a necessity quite as much by the crew as by the master. Common sense points out that the advantages of giving large authority to captains on the whole outweigh the abuses to which it may lead. Both as regards life and property, mutiny is justly looked upon as the greatest of maritime dangers; and the only substantial safeguard in a merchant ship, whose cargo may be worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, is to invest the master with extensive discretionary powers for compelling obedience. But certainly our perils are not at present in this direction. The case against which we so carefully provide is now almost a matter of nautical tradition; and that the necessity of yielding unwavering obedience has entirely possessed the sailor's mind, goes some way to account for the extraordinary apathy, often amounting to complicity, with which the most brutal treatment of a common sailor, on the part of the master, is often viewed by the crew. There must, however, be moral as well as conventional reasons for this strange phenomenon; and an inquiry into them may help us to understand something of the causes which explain these cases of savage cruelty, and why it is that the spectators so frequently seem to take them as a matter of course with which they have no right to interfere.

In the QUEEN'S service there is such a thing as public opinion, as well as strict laws which regulate the discipline, and especially the punishments, enforced on board ship. In the Merchant service the restraints of opinion are unknown. A single voyage usually limits the master's connexion with every man on board. The character of every captain in the navy is, or easily may be, familiar to every blue-jacket afloat; and a brutal captain can no more man his ship than he can make himself an admiral. Not only is he socially a gentleman, but it is his interest not to be known as a savage. This is not the case in the mercantile marine. Moreover, to say nothing of the low state of intelligence and education which characterizes the masters of ordinary merchant vessels, there is something in their position which has a tendency to brutalize the disposition. If the sense of unlimited responsibility at sea is a heavy burthen to a conscientious man, it is a frightful temptation to an unprincipled one. The master of a merchantman feels his isolation; and, forgetting that power can be best won by confidence and justice, he is too apt to think that obedience is only to be secured by force and fear. He very soon possesses himself of the ruling idea that curses and blows are the only language that the fore-castle can understand. And, once let a man begin a course of cruelty, he is fatally apt to be carried away by it. What puzzles people in these accounts of brutal assaults at sea is their lingering, systematic character. The details of one case are substantially those of the whole class. A victim is selected—or, perhaps, at first a mere accident makes him such. But, once a victim, he is marked out from the herd, and on one devoted head are accumulated the aggravated ingenuities of malice. Day after day he is tortured. Nothing seems to check his unrelenting persecutor. The sight of suffering only whets the unnatural craving to inflict it. No wounds, no sickness, no appeals—not even the miserable spectacle of the poor wretch mutilated, or with his spine dislocated, fainting, bleeding, reeling and staggering from exhaustion, pain, or starvation—can move the heart of the tormenter. The agonies of death suggest only aggravations of brutality. The master always proclaims that he is going to be the death of his victim; and he is the death of him, and always in the same sort of way. He gives his imagination full play in inventing tortures, and spends his leisure in executing them. He gloats over a new variety of pain in his cabin, and then rushes on deck to try it. Every day he seems to brood over fresh schemes of devilish malice. This is a characteristic of cruelty. Not only is it essentially inhuman, but it is systematic, and feeds on itself. The thing looks exactly like a realization of the old doctrine of possession. It is as though something entered into the man, and, with superhuman refinement, suggested and exhausted all the possible varieties and aggravations of torture. It has always been so. The sufferings of the early martyrs—the ingenious multiplicity of agonies attributed to Inquisitors—the unutterable miseries lately inflicted on the Indian victims—all bear witness to this characteristic of cruelty. It seems as though it carried with it something akin to physical enjoyment. And this is its mystery. To a slight extent, many persons totally incapable of deliberate cruelty must have experienced it them-

selves. If we carefully analyse our feelings even in boxing a boy's ears, there is something tempting, not in the theory, but in the practice of the thing. One goes on always a step farther than one thought possible; and something like a sense of satisfaction in inflicting pain, is very apt to supersede the high moral duty of punishment. Hence it is that punishment so soon slides into vindictiveness.

Nor is this all. Not only does cruelty act in this way on the moral nature of its perpetrator, impelling him, as it were by some irresistible impulse, to fathom all the depths and exhaust all the conceivable and inconceivable varieties of torture—it has somewhat of the same effect on the bystanders. We have alluded to the apathy or complicity of the crew in presence of such horrors as those of which we have spoken. In ROGERS' case, the mates were proved to be all but as bad as the actual murderer; and in the last Liverpool case—in which it is, to ourselves at least, unintelligible why CHRISTIE was not committed for murder—the mate is represented as having been not only not an unwilling spectator, but almost a willing accomplice. Is it that there is a certain horrid fascination in the mere sight of cruelty which has a kind of mysterious attraction—as if the will of the torturer, as in mesmerism, first paralysed, and then absorbed and mastered the sympathies of bystanders? We have heard testimony to this psychological fact from the most humane persons, who have had the courage to analyse their own feelings in the actual presence of some revolting and cruel spectacle. It is said that in the case of a bull-fight, though the first disembowelled horse is viewed with feelings of unutterable loathing, and the second presents a nasty sight, yet the third and fourth are regarded with lessening indignation, till, as the thing goes on, indifference grows on the spectator, and at last negative acquiescence ripens into something like hearty sympathy with the ugly sport. It is known to be the same in prize-fights; and perhaps everybody's schoolboy recollections will present him with analogous instances of this morbid sympathy with the details of cruelty. Now, if this is the case even with refined minds, it must be much more so with the coarser moral fibres of such persons as the crews of common merchantmen. Cruelty, for cruelty's sake, was a mark of the middle ages; and we need go back no further than the Reign of Terror to understand how it is that a public exhibition of human suffering may attract, by a moral contagion, bystanders incapable of cruelty, still more of originating exquisite tortures. The same sort of thing obtains in kindred vices—for example, in cursing and swearing, and in certain brutal assaults on women. In swearing, a man goes on from oath to oath, and tries to exhaust the ingenious varieties of foul language—one blasphemy being pleasant in proportion as it suggests the possibility of going beyond it; and were it not for some mimetic attractiveness inherent in the sight of brutality, we could hardly account for the successive violation of a single woman by a crowd of men—instances of which we are unhappily not forced to seek in India alone.

This crime of murderous outrage on the high seas has attained such an appalling height, that, as a social grievance, it urgently demands attention. It is clearly on the increase; and the question whether, as it seems, it has not been derived mainly from American influences, is a very subordinate one. We care not how it grew up—our business is to check it. Apparently, the present state of the law is not sufficient. The log-book is not an adequate protection to the common sailor; the man who will act as ROGERS did, and as CHRISTIE is said to have done, is capable of falsifying a log-book. The mate, from the nature of the case, is as we have said, often an accomplice; and we fear that, in the owner's eyes, an interference on his part would not always be welcomed. As to the crew, the murdered man's messmates cannot spare time, and often have neither the courage nor the intelligence, to volunteer a testimony of what happened six months ago down on the Spanish main, and so to lose a voyage. Something perhaps might be done by compelling owners, much lower down in the merchant service than is at present the rule, to ship surgeons on board all vessels of a certain tonnage, and for certain voyages. At any rate, the matter is one in which the Legislature is bound to interfere, if only in the way of inquiry.

OUR MODERN ELOQUENCE.

WE had occasion lately to observe on the marked poverty and inadequacy of our modern verse-writers in treating the noble themes which the events of the last few years have supplied in abundance. Feebleness of thought and meanness of style seem, however, still more lamentably conspicuous in our con-

temporary orators than in our modern poets. The most recent and most signal example which presents itself of this is the Queen's Speech delivered at the opening of the present session. If this document could in any sense be understood as the language of the Sovereign, we should consider it wholly beyond the scope of our criticism. The chivalrous feeling of respect which belongs to English loyalty would revolt at the notion of analysing and dissecting the gracious address of the Queen. But it is so well understood that the Speech from the Throne to the two Houses of Parliament is entirely the composition of the Minister, and that her Majesty has no more personal concern with it than with a writ issuing out of the Queen's Bench in the name of "Victoria by the grace of God," that we feel no scruple about treating it like any other State paper. Queen Elizabeth addressed her troops at Tilbury in her own language, and we doubt not that the speech was a far better one than could have been put into her mouth by Burleigh or Cecil. We are equally certain that if her Majesty Queen Victoria had delivered her own sentiments to Parliament at the present crisis, it would have been in a language and a spirit far more suited to the dignity of the place and the occasion than that of the document which was handed to her Majesty, on his knees, by the Lord Chancellor. The offence of clipping the Queen's coin is a high misdemeanour; and not less, we should suppose, is that of clipping the Queen's English. Certainly never was there an occasion when it was more fitting that high and noble words should be placed in the mouth of an English Queen, coming in state to address her Parliament on the perils and achievements of her gallant armies in India. Every one knows how Cobbett illustrated every possible error in grammar by passages extracted from King's Speeches. But certainly, for a complete repertory of bad style, we never met with so compendious an example as the last speech from the Throne. While men's hearts are throbbing and their blood tingling at the recital of the noble feats of arms in Hindostan, this is the language which the Minister does not think it unworthy to put into the mouth of his Sovereign:—

While I deeply deplore the severe suffering to which many of my subjects in India have been exposed, and while I grieve for the extensive bereavements and sorrow which it has caused, I have derived the greatest satisfaction from the distinguished successes which have attended the heroic exertions of the comparatively small forces which have been opposed to greatly superior numbers, without the aid of the powerful reinforcements despatched from this country to their assistance.

Heavens! what a sentence—

Where feeble expletives their aid do join,
And ten low words do creep in one dull line.

Here is another elegant extract:—

I have observed with equal gratification, that many civilians placed in extreme difficulty and danger, have displayed the highest qualities, including in some instances those that would do honour to veteran soldiers.

What a neat copulative we have in the word "including," and what a cautious qualification is wrapped up in the "some instances!" We should think this panegyric must have been settled by a special pleader. The language of a Sovereign should be simple, concise, and grand; but this is mean, involved, and flabby. Was a great theme ever so lowered by such bald and inadequate treatment? We say nothing of the introduction of such words as "civilians" or "bereavement" into a dignified composition—words for which no authority will be found, in this sense, in Johnson. But mark the feebleness of the thought, the poorness of the language, the inelegance of the composition, and the clumsiness of the sentences. Surely it is a species of petty treason to cause the Queen of England to deliver a discourse which would not be creditable to a provincial mayor.

Even if his position did not make him responsible for this performance, Lord Palmerston's own handling of the same topics in the House of Commons would have betrayed the authorship of the Royal Speech. So meagre, slovenly, and unworthy a commemoration of great deeds and great men, was never heard from the mouth of an English Minister in the English Parliament, as Lord Palmerston's speech in moving the vote of a pension to General Havelock. This is a specimen of our modern Ministerial oratory:—

The list of those who have gained distinction in this unfortunate and calamitous war is a numerous one:—Wilson, Havelock, Eyre, Salkeld, Home, the last two of whom we can only deeply regret, for as they lived so they nobly died in the service of their country; Nicholson and Neill, two officers whose loss the country must deeply deplore. Then, again, we have General Wheeler, who also, placed in a position of the utmost difficulty and danger, nobly did his duty, but lost his life in the service: Chamberlain, Cotton—in fact, there is hardly a single officer who has been called on in the course of these events to perform his duty, who has not acted in a manner to entitle his services to be enrolled in the annals of military fame.

And so the Premier went on for ten minutes more of stammering, rambling, shambling, drivelling commonplace, which reads for all the world like the funeral composition of a village stonemason. Truly, heroes have a right to complain that, living in the nineteenth century, they are no better off for a *vates sacer* than the brave men who lived before Agamemnon.

Unfortunately, things are not a bit mended when we escape from the atmosphere of mediocrity which broods over the Treasury Bench. The leader of the Opposition, with a still greater alacrity in sinking, descends even below the dead level of commonplace into the very abysses of bad taste. It once before happened to Mr. Disraeli to have to deliver, in an official capacity, the panegyric

of a great warrior. On the occasion of the death of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Disraeli pronounced an oration which was sufficiently singular to make people begin to doubt whether they ought not to admire it. But before the question could be settled, it was discovered that it was not his own, and that he had stolen some dead leaves from a chaplet woven by M. Thiers for the grave of a French Marshal, to lay on the fresh grave of the great Duke. The incident at the time caused much amusement, and not a little scorn. We are glad to perceive that Mr. Disraeli has learnt by experience the folly and the danger of plagiarism, for the lesson which he received was a severe one. His recent effort bears internal proof of genuineness. But we confess we think he was right to borrow, if he could only have been sure of escaping detection, for the old smuggled article was of a very superior quality to the new home manufacture. We have seen with what elegant simplicity the Premier marshals his heroes. The treatment of the leader of the Opposition was of a more elaborate, studied, and pretentious nature. Here is a sample:—

Some may receive our sympathies. Some unfortunately are gone. But when we remember the name of Wilson—when we remember the name of Havelock and others who may distinguish themselves, let us never forget the intrepid Nicholson, let us drop a tear over the fiery Neill.

We will venture to say that, from the days of Sir Richard Blackmore to the present time, a more egregious instance of bombastic and inflated false taste than this apostrophe to General Neill does not stand recorded. No man of taste who heard it but must have shuddered—no man who reads it can repress a smile. Mr. Disraeli ventures to remind us of Mr. Canning's fine saying, that India was "a land fertile in heroes"—as if he thought that he had succeeded to the mantle of Canning. But the notion of the House of Commons dropping a tear on the fiery Neill would have supplied Canning with matter of mirth for a year. Conceive a man who professes, like Mr. Disraeli, to have practised literature and studied oratory, deliberately adorning a topic of the deepest pathos with an image irresistibly suggestive of the most ludicrous ideas. We hardly venture to realize the physical results of the process which Mr. Disraeli suggests. Fancy the 656 M.P.'s dropping a tear (necessarily a large one) on a fiery body. The sound produced by the operation would be inevitably the very reverse of the applause which Mr. Disraeli wishes to convey. Thus, by the debasing influence of false taste and a tinsel style, may the saddest things be made most comical, and the mind, instead of being animated and elevated by a just and lofty image, be lowered and shocked by a grotesque and incongruous metaphor. Yet such, alas! with few exceptions, is the style of our modern eloquence.

In the midst of this wilderness of commonplace and bad taste, it is positively refreshing to come upon such a speech as that delivered by Lord Derby on the first night of the Session. Every subject that passed under his review was handled with varied and masterly power. On the lofty topic of India the orator was equal to his theme. The demolition of Mr. Smith was neat, witty, and crushing. In fact, nothing was wanting to it but a more worthy object for his steel. The operation of cutting up Mr. Smith is a little too like breaking a butterfly on the wheel. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," Lord Derby ranged with unflagging vivacity, and unflinching force; and his style, while capable of reaching the height of the loftiest topics, never for an instant overstepped the limits of the severest taste. Indeed, he left his hearers nothing to desire or regret but that an orator gifted with such marvellous and brilliant abilities should not have had force of character enough to turn them with more solid effect to the service of his country. But our criticism is purely literary, and we do not desire to trespass on the domain of politics.

THE PROFESSION OF A CO.

THERE is one great service which the *Times* renders to the public, and which goes far to justify its high position. It resolutely endeavours to maintain the standard of commercial purity. Not only does it zealously advocate sound principles of currency, but it spares no pains, and shrinks from no risk, to expose the infringements of mercantile honour committed by individuals or public bodies, however high, or rich, or influential may be the persons whom it attacks. So far as that great engine of terror to wrong-doers—publicity—can be made to work in behalf of honesty, the *Times* determines that it shall be called into play. All law must be necessarily slow in punishing the well-managed frauds of opulent and educated offenders, and the slowness of the English law is beyond the ordinary or necessary standard. But a widely-circulated paper can in a few hours inflict a punishment scarcely less than that of coarse food and the constraint of a prison. It can brand with shame the reputation of men who might otherwise carry their heads high and triumph in the success of frauds too gigantic or too cleverly contrived to meet with a legal condemnation. Of course, if this privilege were abused—if a paper were detected in giving currency to idle, scandalous stories, if it attacked weak men and quailed before strong men—its exposures would be disbelieved, and its strictures disregarded. But the *Times* has been equally accurate and bold. Nor is it easy to elude its vigilance, as has been shown in a remarkable instance this week. It was well-known that the history of the Eastern Banking Company had been marked by very disgraceful incidents, but there was great reason to fear that the true

account of what had happened might be kept secret. The greatest delinquent, Colonel Waugh, has escaped to Spain; and the manager, Mr. Stephens, who wished to be made a bankrupt, determined to avail himself of a provision of the Scotch law, which permits English debtors, after a short residence in Scotland, to pass through the bankruptcy courts there. It seemed probable that Mr. Stephens would in this way get very quietly through his confessions, and that his story, told to a Scotch sheriff, might come to the ears of very few Englishmen. But the *Times* has defeated this little scheme, and having announced beforehand what was coming, it has given reports of all that Mr. Stephens has said as quickly and as copiously as if the examination had been held in London. The whole history of the bank, and of Colonel Waugh's transactions with it, has yet to be revealed, but enough has transpired to make us reasonably surprised that such things are possible, even after all we have heard of the Royal British Bank, and of others that have more recently failed.

When Mark Tapley was taken into partnership at Eden, he said that he was delighted at last to think he was a Co., for he had always wished to know what a Co. was, and now he had found out. If Mr. Stephens ever indulged in a similar curiosity, he must have amply gratified it. He must have exhausted the sensations of being a Co. He has shown himself ready to be a Co. in any imaginable trade at a moment's notice. It was his profession. Nominally, he was manager of a bank, but really his occupation was being a Co., different officials of the Eastern Banking Company joining in the diversion. In 1855 he was a Co. three times. First of all, he and the secretary of the bank, Mr. Black, were "Lett's Wharf Company," timber-merchants, and lawyers; then he and one of the directors, Mr. Lattey, were Barwise and Co., watchmakers; and lastly, he and Colonel Waugh were the Branksea Clay Company. In 1856, he and the secretary became Minter and Co., upholsterers; and, in short, he was a Co. so often, that he was unable to say on his examination whether he was or was not a Co. in any concern that might be mentioned; and although he had a misgiving that he was the Patent Carpet Company, he could not recollect clearly his position in that enterprise. But he was not a Co. for nothing, and he made the profession a lucrative one in this way. When he found a trading firm willing to sell its goodwill and effects, he purchased the stock with money which he drew out of the bank. He and the other Co., that is, the other officials of the bank in the same line of business, then commenced operations as sawyers, watchmakers, or upholsterers. If the concern succeeded—as for a short time, with an established name to begin with, it might easily do—they pocketed the profits; if the concern failed, the bank lost the money. Setting honesty aside, the profession of Co. is evidently, as long as it lasts, a very safe and pleasant one, involving no personal trouble, and no risk whatever, and holding out the chance of considerable gain. In the office of the Eastern Banking Company, everything was carried on in the most comfortable way, and the Co.s made up quite a family party. When Mr. Black and the manager proposed to start as Minter and Co., upholsterers, and invalid chair-makers, they announced their design in the most artless way to the directors, and informed them the sum they wanted was 2800*l.* "Loan granted to Minter and Co., 2800*l.*," was gravely entered in the agenda-book by Mr. Morris, the chairman, and the next day Mr. Stephens married Mr. Morris's daughter. There is a solemnity about the process of plundering a bank in this way, which must add greatly to the enjoyment of speculation, if the rogues have a sufficient sense of the ludicrous to relish it. Putting your hand in a strong-box or a till is a very commonplace and unimaginative proceeding; but making a formal statement that you are going to be Minter and Co., and want 2800*l.* to make invalid chairs, and getting your father-in-law to hand the sum over to you and enter in a handsomely-bound agenda book, "Loan granted," is a real stroke of ingenuity and fun.

The history of the Branksea Clay Company deserves to be studied separately. Colonel Waugh, who for a brief space made himself a lion in the great world by the insane magnificence of his entertainments, was perhaps the finest Co. that ever practised. He had been acquainted in India with Mr. Stephens, who, before he blossomed into a Co., was an assistant-surgeon in the Queen's service. He knew his man, and felt that he might safely treat with him as a Co. He accordingly made overtures, and, informing Mr. Stephens that he was owner of a clay-field in the Isle of Branksea, which he intended to work, he offered to give him a half share in the undertaking. This seemed a handsome offer, for Colonel Waugh was the sole proprietor of the clay, and Stephens was not to contribute any capital. But Stephens understood what was meant. He was the manager of a bank, and it was his duty as a Co. to supply Colonel Waugh with the money of the shareholders. The directors were too full of admiration for so great a pair of Co.s to make any difficulty, and Colonel Waugh began to bleed the bank as freely as he chose. We do not pretend to be able to state the exact amount which, in the long run, these Co.s got out of the bank; for as soon as he felt sure of his position with the directors, Colonel Waugh managed to possess himself of such vast sums out of the bank funds, that it becomes useless, and almost impossible, to attempt to distinguish under what head he was pleased to draw any particular sum. It is however worth observing, that, according to the statement of Mr. Stephens, Colonel Waugh, on one occasion, obtained 68,000*l.* on his simple promissory note,

without any collateral security whatever being required. His debt to the bank at the date of the final smash is stated by Stephens to have been no less than 243,000*l.*

If this story does not give a warning to the shareholders of banks, nothing will. If they can bear with equanimity that a manager becomes a Co., four times within a twelvemonth, in branches of business with which he is utterly unacquainted, that he did not invest in any of his undertakings a farthing of his own, and that the Directors were cognisant of what he was doing, and placed the money of the bank at his disposal, then they deserve to be robbed. Of the doings of Colonel Waugh we have yet a great deal to learn; but the story of the Co. is complete, and ought to be engraven on the memory of every one who trusts a joint-stock bank without making himself fully acquainted with the character and the past career of its officials.

THE DEMISE OF HAILEYBURY COLLEGE.

ON Monday last the East India Company's College at Haileybury ceased to exist as a public institution. Geographically and structurally, it is still in its old place. The explorer of the regions about Hertford may still find the old quadrilateral pile of building, a little while ago so full of life, now dreary, and deserted save by a pensioned professor, or a decayed dependent intent upon the thought of a speedy removal of himself, his family, and his other chattels. But never more will Melvill preach, or Stephen lecture, or Ouseley and Eastwick gutturalize strange tongues, in the presence of embryo judges, collectors, political agents, secretaries, and members of Council. Never more will the roused inhabitants of Hoddesdon look out from door or window at the biennial stream of carriages which conveyed, from the railway station at Broxbourne, to the College gates, the Directors of the Company, the functionaries of Leadenhall-street and Cannon-row, and a miscellaneous crowd of more or less distinguished visitors. Nothing now remains of the Haileybury student, but the scent of tobacco which still clings to his deserted room.

Upon such a demise as this we may bestow some regrets without a fear of the denunciations of the India Reform Society. During the half-century which Haileybury has seen since it became the training school of the Indian Civil Service, it has gathered around it many pleasant associations, and it now bequeaths to the world some cherished traditions. They who have regarded the institution as a symbol of monopoly may yet remember, without a feeling of bitterness, that men who have made for themselves honoured names in literature and science have found a retreat within the precincts of the Company's estate at Haileybury, and have there thought and written. Even Mr. John George Phillimore, who has classic and literary tastes—and who was in a fair way to achieve some distinction, until, disappointed in his search after a Haileybury professorship, he came to grief as an Indian reformer—may, without self-reproach, make a pilgrimage to what Jeffrey described as the "quiet, retired, and beautiful country, which hides in its recesses more fine woodland scenery, and even more lovely and magnificent residences, than are dreamed of by those who merely pass along the highways." At this now extinguished seat of learning, Mackintosh once poured forth the "Euphrates stream" of his eloquence; and there the greatest critic of the age was wont to visit his son-in-law, Empson, holding with him, as he said, on quiet evenings, "large discourse upon things past and future, and present and possible"—"having occasional colloquies with Jones (another Haileybury professor) on Political Economy and the prospects of the world when machinery has superseded all labour but that of engine-makers, and when there is an end of established churches"—and reading, in the morning, "the *Leviathan* and the *Odyssey*, and the works of Sir Harry Vane and Milton." It may be remembered, too, that here Maithus, called by irreverent students *Pop*, in honour of his *magnum opus*, thought, wrote, and learned—and that here Le Bas biographized, writing lives of just men made perfect, and winning the hearts of the students by his own good life, which "blossoms in the dust" as sweetly as the reverend champions whose deeds he has recorded in his books.

On such reminiscences as these, even the Indian Reformer may bestow a sigh of regret, without shaming his profession; but we, who are not of that guild, cannot help associating with our regrets some anxious thoughts of the future no less than tender memories of the Past. After the departure of that little band of youths who on Monday last somewhat noisily cheered the senior prizeman (a nephew of the Lawrences) when he went up for his medals and other testimonials—the shouts of his comrades speaking of higher triumphs than those of the lecture-hall—the old exclusive Civil Service of India had the door closed against it for ever. No longer will judgeships and collectorates be heirlooms in certain privileged families—no longer will the sons and nephews of Directors stride over the necks of the outside public, making short cuts to fortune and to fame. It is permitted now to the outside public to go in and win. The provisions of the Act of 1853, which threw the Civil Service of India open to public competition, have now taken full effect. We wish that the new system may produce better men than the old, but we cannot say that we expect it.

Better scholars, perhaps—better lawyers, certainly—than the

old Haileybury students, these new competition men will be; but we doubt whether they will appear upon the scene of action better trained for the work before them, or will wrestle more successfully with the realities of Indian life. They may go out more advanced in years and in knowledge; but whatever else the Company's civil servants may have been, or may not have been, since the commencement of the present century, a manlier race of men the world has not seen. From the day on which Charles Metcalfe went, sword in hand, into the breach at Deeg, and earned from Lord Lake, who had a sovereign contempt for clerks and penmen, the name of his "little stormer," to those in which Herwald Wake held out so nobly at Arrah, and Alonzo Money brought in the treasure to Dinapore, the Indian Civil Service has been eminently distinguished for that heroic manliness of character which the people of all countries equally appreciate. "We do not want," said the late Mr. Tucker, "literary razors to cut blocks." The old, exclusive Indian Civil Service has sent forth its scholars—its Colebrookes, its Macnaghtens, its Torrenses, and its Elliots; but it is not as scholars, or as lawyers, that they will be remembered, but as men who, having rough work of many kinds before them, did it manfully and well. It is written of the late Sir William Macnaghten, who fell at Cabul, that there was but one civilian there, and that "he was the truest soldier in the camp." And now men of all kinds are writing—men even who speak of the Indian Civil Service as the bane of the country—that Sir John Lawrence, in the present Indian crisis, has been worth to his country at least thirty thousand men. The system under which the Indian civilian has hitherto been trained may be a faulty system, but its very defects have had their uses. He went out young, with habits and opinions equally unformed; he knew little or nothing of the amenities and attractions of European society; the associations and the traditions of the East had probably been clinging around him from his very boyhood, and bracing him up for the strenuous realities of the life before him. His very name, perhaps, was a tradition in India, and it was the object of his life to hold it spotless. There may have been caste feeling—chiquery—exclusiveness. But even this, we say, had its uses. Men whose fathers and grandfathers had been in the service before them were more likely than new men to look upon India as their home, and to estimate aright the character of the work to which they were addressing themselves. There was less of the stranger and the alien about these hereditary place-holders than about men who, having no Eastern traditions in their family, look upon themselves from the first as pilgrims and sojourners in the land—the first, and perhaps the last, of their race destined to such service. The old race may have been the sons and nephews of Directors. What then? Was Metcalfe a worse functionary for being the one, or Mountstuart Elphinstone for being the other?

It may be questioned, too, whether there will ever again be the same *esprit de corps* which has hitherto been a distinguishing characteristic of the "exclusive" Civil Service of India. Men went out of old, knowing one another—knowing many of those who had preceded them. There was one continual link of brotherhood, from the "senior merchant" to the young writer in the "Buildings." They were all of one guild, the apprenticeship having been served at Haileybury. It is easier to understand than to explain in a few words how advantageous this brotherhood has ever been to the State. It was the source of strenuous and harmonious co-operation such as we can scarcely expect to see, now that there are two competing lines of public service. We doubt much whether the emulation of which so much was said the other day will compensate for this loss. In great and trying conjunctures, Englishmen require no other than common national ties to bind them to each other, and to ensure mutual support. But in the ordinary business of administrative life, there is often an unintentional—perhaps almost insensible—want of unity and cohesion, which makes the whole machinery of the State work loosely and unsatisfactorily, however excellent may be its component parts. The new men, in all probability, will go out to India prejudiced against the old system. They will carry out with them what are called "English ideas," and will not so readily accommodate themselves to the work before them. They will, in many cases, have not only much to learn, but much to unlearn. They may better understand theories of government and principles of law; but we repeat that we doubt whether, for the real practical purposes of Indian administration, they will ever prove themselves to be so well adapted as the old race of Haileybury students.

THE DISASTER ON THE BANFFSHIRE COAST.

ON the morning of Monday, the 23rd of November, a gale from the north-east burst suddenly upon the whole of Scotland, from Wick to St. Abb's Head. A tremendous sea soon rolled in on every part of the coast; and nowhere, as might have been expected from the direction of the wind, was its effect more terrible than along the southern shore of the Moray Firth. The disaster, however, with which the northern papers are at present filled, acquires an altogether exceptional and tragic interest from the fact that it fell, not only upon a single county, but upon a single and very limited district within that county.

So many sportsmen and tourists cross the Tweed every summer, that it has been said, with some plausibility, that Scotland is

better known to the upper classes of England than she is to her own sons. Probably, however, few of the most adventurous of our readers have ever penetrated into the parish of Rathven, in Banffshire. It possesses, indeed, few attractions for the traveller. The student of Scottish history will remember, as he traverses its breadths of oat-field, that it saw some of the final struggles which were maintained by the Sea-kings of the North upon the soil of Great Britain. He will feel reconciled to the tameness of its outlines by the reflection that it forms part of the highway by which Saxon and Norman civilization turned the flank of Celtic barbarism in the golden age which preceded the English wars; and he will look with additional interest upon its cottages, if he knows that they shelter one of the very last Lowland Scottish populations which still cling to the picturesque superstitions of the Middle Ages. Beyond this it has nothing to offer, except to those who may care to study the manners, or to glean the curious knowledge, of the men to whose misfortunes we are anxious to call attention.

The fishermen of Rathven inhabit, for the most part, a long line of undercliff, which is intercepted between the sea and the old coast line. They are, like most of their brethren along the Moray Firth, a very peculiar class, with a strong dash, it is said, of Scandinavian blood. They have little intercourse with the agricultural population. Each man has his nickname, by which he is far better known than he is by his more legitimate appellation. Old superstitions, dead elsewhere, survive in the fishing villages; and years which write their history so deep upon the inland districts of Scotland, pass lightly over the homes of a race of men whose occupations call them far away from the busy haunts of their fellows to the silence and the sameness of the sea.

The villages on which this calamity has fallen are Portknockie, Buckie, and Portgordon. The first has to lament the loss of eighteen men, the second of fifteen, and the third of nine. Twenty-seven widows and seventy-nine orphans are left unprotected. Of course such misfortunes are to be met principally by local charity; but when it is considered that the whole area affected by the disaster is exceedingly limited—and when we remember that the establishment of the Naval Volunteers, to which admirable body some of the unhappy men belonged, has very much altered and elevated the position of the fishermen in the eyes of the country at large—it may, we think, be admitted that the people of Banffshire have a right to ask for some help from other parts of the country. This view is put forward very strongly by our contemporary, the *Banffshire Journal*, one of the most widely-circulated of Scotch provincial papers.

Many questions are raised by this catastrophe which are important, as bearing upon the welfare of a large district. Of these, however, we shall say nothing. The point to which we wish to call attention is not merely of local, but of Imperial interest. The fishermen of the little village of Port Essie, which stands in the midst of the communities which have suffered so severely, are, it appears, rather more enlightened than their neighbours. Some of them possess barometers, and they are in the habit of trusting to them, in spite of the ridicule of their unhappy brethren. No signs of coming storm told the weatherwise upon the fatal morning how great a calamity was impending. The air was calm and pleasant. The Port Essie barometers, however, fell suddenly, and warned those who consulted them that, if they went to sea, they must go prepared for the worst. The fishermen held a meeting, and determined to remain at home. Now, along our extensive seaboard, we fear that there are many fishing villages where precautions even more elementary than those which saved the lives of the Port Essie fishermen, are systematically neglected. The simplest rules of health, for example, are constantly transgressed, and hence the terrible ravages which the cholera has so often made amongst fishing populations. We wish to call the attention of the proprietors of sea-side villages to this Banffshire tragedy. Let them insist upon a little "enlightened self-love" on the part of their poor tenants, even if they are obliged to enforce what is right, by some seeming harshness. *Hodie mihi, cras tibi*, is the warning which this melancholy event proclaims all round the British coast.

REVIEWS.

OMPHALOS.*

THERE are probably few questions which excite more interest, or require more careful and mature thought, than those which relate to the authority of the Bible, and to the degree in which our views of it are confirmed or modified by recent scientific discoveries, and especially by those which belong to the science of Geology. To enter upon such questions fully would be foreign to the design of this journal, and we are deeply impressed with the importance of not discussing at all what cannot be discussed in a satisfactory manner. Though, however, the problem itself lies entirely beyond our province, books are occasionally written on the subject which fall within it. Whatever the truth may be, it is perfectly certain that it can only be ascertained by careful and honest thought, and that it ought only to be sought for in a style of becoming seriousness. The absence

* *Omphalos: an Attempt to Untie the Geological Knot.* By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. London: John Van Voorst. 1857.

of these qualities would constitute a grave literary offence, to say the least, on whichever side of the controversy it might be displayed; nor can it be otherwise than a service to the cause of truth to disembarass it of the assistance of an indiscreet advocate, or of the far less dangerous assaults of a disingenuous antagonist. To which of these classes Mr. Gosse may belong is a question which it is not our business to answer, but that he does belong to one or the other we will proceed to show.

Mr. Gosse's preface commences with a quotation from *Ivanhoe*, and ends with a prayer that all the glory of the publication may be to God; and the whole tone of the book is well exemplified by this singular mixture. Like so many other modern writers, he can never quite make up his mind whether he is preaching or joking. He constantly oscillates between the unctious of the conventicle and the stock facetiousness of the popular lecture-room. He quotes his Bible with a smirk, and gives you a knowing wink before he says his prayers. If our readers wish to know how he writes, they must imagine an elderly gentleman combining amusement with instruction for the benefit of a children's party. "There, my little man," "Don't you see, my fine fellow?" "Not quite so fast, if you please, Mr. Philosopher," are the kind of interjections which his style suggests. When we read his book, we fancy him patting his readers on the head, explaining all the hard words to them, rewarding their attention with sweetmeats and sugar-plums, and dismissing them with a rollicking sort of blessing, and the advice to be good children, and to be sure to say their prayers before they go to bed. We may give one or two instances of this habit, more would tire our readers as well as ourselves. Mr. Gosse's argument carries him back to the Creation day, so he makes the following merry little suggestion:—"Well, then, like two of those 'morning stars' who, when 'the foundations were fastened,' 'shouted for joy,' we will, in imagination, take our stand on this round world at exactly—minutes past—o'clock, on the morning of the—th of—, in the year—n.c." In the beginning of the book he thinks it desirable, as the subject, we suppose, would be so very uninteresting without it, to throw what he has to say into the form of a trial—in which, by the way, he naturally gets wrong—after the following lively fashion:—"Counsel for the Brachy-chronology speaks. 'We respectfully ask the Court for another hearing. Will our learned brother permit his witness briefly to recapitulate his testimony, and we will endeavour to examine it once more, for we think we shall be able to detect some flaw in it?' Rule granted." It is an odd thing that a place naturally so dull as Westminster Hall should so often be dragged in by the head and shoulders, to enliven subjects even more serious than law. We once saw a pamphlet called, *Trial of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, for wilful and corrupt Perjury*, which was a sort of Paley in wig and gown; and Mr. Gosse seems inclined to perpetuate the species.

When we pass from the style of the book to its substance, our objections to it become far stronger. Whether his view of the authority of Scripture be true or false, we can assure Mr. Gosse that his book worse than fails to support it; for a cause is always injured when its advocates argue in its favour on grounds which can only be honestly maintained by minds quite incapable of grappling with the real difficulties of the case. His argument is a very simple one; and indeed he considerably assists his readers by the information that "they will find it at page 124 or page 347; all the rest of the book is illustration." It is simply this—that all the appearances in the structure of the globe, or in the various organic remains discovered in it, which would seem to indicate the lapse of periods of time longer than that which is contained in the commonly-received Mosaic chronology, are to be accounted for by the supposition that they represent nothing, but were created as they are; and this, he says, is supported by its analogy to what he assumes to be the undoubted fact, that when animals and plants were first created, they were created in a state of maturity, and bore upon them marks from which an observer at the time might have inferred their previous existence. The appearance of Adam, for example, would have led a physiologist to suppose that he had been in existence for twenty or thirty years, at least; and the most striking confirmation of this hypothesis would have been found in the fact that he had a navel (which Mr. Gosse prints in ecstatic small-capitals), whence it would have seemed to follow that he had passed through the stage of fetal existence.

Each member of this argument appears to us to involve a fallacy; and the consequence of the combination of the two fallacies would, we think, be nothing less than the establishment of a universal scepticism, far more disastrous in its consequences than any of the speculations of which Mr. Gosse so greatly fears the results. In the first place, we think there is no sort of analogy between the two things which Mr. Gosse compares. His argument is as good when confined to a single illustration as it can be when spread over a volume. It is this. When a full-grown tree was created, it contained rings marking its annual growth, which would imply that it had lasted for many years; and therefore, fossil animals found in strata apparently deposited by the action of water, through the course of centuries, may possibly—with the strata—have been created as they are. In other words, because in one instance we may be deceived in inferring age from development, therefore no satisfactory proof of age can ever be given. A very slight examination of the subject will show that there is really no analogy whatever between the two

things; and the form in which Mr. Gosse puts his argument, ought to have shown him their essential difference. He founds his theory—and it is a mere theory—about Creation on the assertion that all living creatures pass through a sort of cycle of existence. Before the fish comes the spawn, before the spawn the ovum, before the ovum the fish, and so on, until the creative act sets the series going; and thus Mr. Gosse argues, that as the series must have begun somewhere, it may have begun anywhere, at the fish, the ovum, or the spawn, as the case might be. Whatever his argument is worth, this is its foundation; and it can only apply (if at all) to cases in which he can point out the existence of some such cycle as we have mentioned. Where is there anything of the sort in the geological composition of the earth? If the alluvial deposit of a river and the nature of its contents indicate the lapse of twenty thousand years, there is no sort of pretence for saying that this is consistent with its having been created six thousand years ago, and no more—unless Mr. Gosse can prove further, either that there exists *Deus quidam deceptor*, or else that there is in such rivers and their deposits a natural tendency to go through a certain cycle of changes, and then to begin again and come back to the same point. Till he can give some evidence of this, he has established no kind of connexion between the two classes of facts. They stand each on their own basis, and have no sort of similarity to each other.

We need not say that there is a great controversy—on the merits of which very eminent men have taken different sides—upon the question of the doctrine of development on the one hand, and that of the indefinite identity of species on the other; but, from its very nature, this controversy can only apply to substances in which there is some kind of life. It may be true that there is no reason for supposing that men could ever be produced except from a series of human predecessors extending backwards indefinitely; and this might, perhaps, afford grounds for the belief that the first member of the series bore at his creation marks of maturity which would have induced an observer to suppose that he had lived for many years. But how can this be applied to the case of huge strata of rock, clay, coal, and other materials, which possess no principle whatever either of growth or of reproduction? And how can it explain the position of fossil animals and other organic remains found in such strata, at depths which indicate that the vast periods of time necessary for the construction of what lies above them must have passed since they lived? Granting, for the sake of argument, that the first mammoth that ever lived may have appeared to be fifty years old when he was created, how does this tend to weaken any conclusion which may be drawn as to the length of time which may have been necessary in order to fossilize his bones? Mr. Gosse, no doubt, kindly informs us that, if it had pleased God to create the world in the year 1857, "there would be cities filled with swarms of men; there would be houses half built; castles fallen into ruins; wardrobes filled with half-worn garments," &c. &c.; and all because these things "are inseparable from the condition of the world at the selected moment of irruption into its history;" and a page or two before we learn that "God could not have created plants and animals without these retrospective marks . . . so as to preserve their specific identity with those with which we are familiar." We do not think this orthodox gentleman quite sees where he is going. These speculations about cyclical existence and the "life-history" of the world are strange limitations on Divine power; and if Mr. Gosse does not take care, he may discover some day that his defence of the inspiration of the Bible will lead him into a denial of the omnipotence of his Maker.

This leads us to a second and a wider objection to Mr. Gosse's speculations. He does not appear to us to see that the act of creation is a mystery which lies so far beyond human comprehension that any attempt to represent it scenically, and to draw conclusions from the exigencies of such a representation, must be at once futile and irreverent. Mr. Gosse, with his grand-papa air, introduces us, in the lively manner to which we have already referred, to the actual evocation of the world from nothing. If it is not out of place, we should be glad to ask our benevolent and condescending showman what he knows about the matter? He tells us that it was "made to commence existence at some moment of time;" and after a benevolent snort at "my geological friend," we further learn that it was "as precise a moment as the moment when I write this." Since he knows so many things, Mr. Gosse can, perhaps, clear up the difficulty which hangs over the nature and origin of time itself; and whilst he is about it, he might also say something of the nature of cause and effect. Are these things created? And if they are, will Mr. Gosse describe their creation in terms which do not involve their existence. If he can, we are answered; but if he cannot, he will, we think, see that the whole subject of creation is one which the human mind is not fitted to comprehend. We have no language which can adequately describe the creative act except language which is only a veil for, and a confession of, our ignorance; and it is therefore quite impossible to introduce creation or its consequences into any argument whatever. How the first man may have looked when he was made, is a question as inscrutable as the question whether or no he had a navel—a mark on which Mr. Gosse hangs with a transport more intelligible in a Buddhist priest or a monk of Mount Athos than in an Englishman of the nineteenth century.

However these things may be, one consequence seems to us to

follow indisputably from Mr. Gosse's argument. He buys his orthodoxy, like many other people, at a very dear rate indeed; for in order to secure it, he goes a long way towards giving up the foundation on which it rests. He believes, we suppose, in his Bible for some reason; so that, if he gives up his reason, he clearly must destroy his belief; and however he may disguise it, his argument really amounts to this—that God contrived an elaborate scheme for deceiving man. If this is so, there is indeed an end of "the sceptic," but then there is an end of everything else. *Cultivons nos choux* will be the only reflection left to any reasonable person.

We must observe, in conclusion, that, though we do not often envy the Roman Catholics, it is not easy to repress a transient feeling of the sort when we read such books as this of Mr. Gosse's. That system, bad as it is, has at any rate a tendency to prevent grossly incompetent persons from intermeddling with subjects of this kind. Every one in this country who has a taste for pottering and dawdling, comes out as a defender of the faith; and we seriously believe that the harm which these well-intentioned people do to their own cause is quite incalculable. In Mr. Gosse's first chapter, there is a summary of the views of some of those who have preceded him in treating of the very important question which he has contrived to mumble—and, if we may be allowed such a phrase, to bedevil—still further. We have seldom seen such melancholy absurdities as some of them present. They are almost enough to excuse an intelligent youth in giving up the whole subject as hopeless. One writer, for example, is said to have maintained, that the word "earth," in the description of the six days' work, meant only "a part of Asia lying between the Caucasian ridge, the Caspian Sea, and Tartary on the north; the Persian and Indian Seas on the south; and high mountain ridges . . . on the west and east." Another gentleman supposed that Adam lived in Paradise for many millions of years, during which all these changes took place. The supposition that this would not have been very pleasant for Adam, is met by the assertion, that "Adam's body before the fall was not constituted as ours now are . . . physical phenomena could have had no deleterious effect upon him." As to the difficulty about the death of animals before Adam's sin, the same writer is reported to observe that he inclines to the belief "that both the animal fall and the animal curse were considerably antecedent to the sin of Adam." When will writers of this stamp learn that the best service they can render to the cause of Revelation is to let it alone? Mr. Gosse, in particular, who is so fond of Westminster Hall, may take a hint from its practice. The next time a case is tried, in which he takes an interest, let him go into Court, and make such suggestions as occur to him to the counsel for the side which he favours. He will get a lesson about putting in his oar when he is not one of the crew which may be of some service to him.

THE SEPOY REVOLT.*

MR. MEAD has written a book on the Sepoy revolt which is very well worth reading, because it puts in a clear and definite shape opinions and thoughts which give abundant signs of their existence both in India and in England, but which are apt to come before us in a very vague and shadowy form. He may be taken as the representative of those Anglo-Indians who do not belong to the Company—who avowedly hate the Company—and who now think that the hour of their triumph is come, that the power and name of the Company are over for ever, and that in the scramble which must ensue before a new authority is established, they have a chance of attaining a commanding, instead of a subordinate, position. Mr. Mead was for ten years a journalist in India, and he adds the peculiar grievances of a newspaper writer to the more general grievances of the body of private settlers. He has therefore the advantage of being in a position to urge all that can be said against the existing system of government. Undoubtedly his book bears evident traces of his past trade. He writes like a journalist, and smartens his story with those sparkles of exaggeration and epigram which are so necessary to a telling article. He tells us, for instance, that the cost of the outbreak at Dinapore has been enormous, and has been incurred solely "that an elderly brigadier might have time to eat his lunch in quiet;" and he summarily disposes of the double Government as "a few guilty aristocrats in Downing-street, and grocers in Leadenhall-street." He also shows that he is not only a journalist, but an Indian journalist, by indulging in a directness of personal abuse which would be considered extremely vulgar in England. Still, if we compare his book, either with the ordinary publications of the Indian press, or with the Calcutta Memorial, we must allow that it is far the most moderate and intelligible exposition of their views which the private settlers of India have made. We confess that it entirely fails to convince us that the sweeping remedy proposed is at all necessary to meet the supposed claims of these settlers; and it shows, as conclusively as any one publication can do, that the claimants have nothing like a coherent and practicable scheme of government to propose as a substitute for that which exists. Still its contents are worth studying. At any rate, it tells us what is really wanted by a body of persons, who have a right to ask that their requests shall be understood before they are refused.

* *The Sepoy Revolt; its Causes and its Consequences.* By Henry Mead. London Murray. 1857.

We will first advert to what Mr. Mead has to say with reference to Lord Canning and to the course recently pursued by the local Government of India, because it is evident that he has been much influenced in his general opinions by his irritation against the measures and conduct of Lord Canning and his coadjutors during the present year. The great rock of offence is, of course, the Act for the Regulation of the Press. We do not wish to express any opinion about the wisdom of the course which Lord Canning took. No one can pretend to determine this without an intimate knowledge of the natives of India, for the expediency of the measure must entirely rest upon the probability or improbability of the natives being influenced by false reports of the conduct, situation, and intentions of the English Government. Mr. Mead states, as the result of his experience, that the Hindoos care no more for articles in the Indian Journals than a Cornish miner cares for an article in the *Quarterly*. On the other hand, the Executive Government considered that articles intended to annoy and insult those who were working the machinery of the State might have a very mischievous effect. We think the chances are very considerably in favour of the Executive Government knowing more about the natives than Mr. Mead knows, but we will not insist on a point which we have no means of deciding. What is really made indisputable by his book is, that the local press would have stuck at nothing in its endeavours to hamper and harass the Government, had it been left at liberty to say what it liked. Mr. Mead expressly tells us that it lives solely by abuse. To find fault with every man in authority is the indispensable condition of an Indian journal's success. "Advocacy of the ruling policy will not find a paying audience." The Indian public like slander—they enjoy the grossest and most unwarranted calumny even of their friends and colleagues. At least six out of seven of the whole body of subscribers are, we are told, in the Company's service, and yet they like the Company to be vilified, because the vilification is sure to throw dirt upon some one or other of their acquaintance. Mr. Mead says that the papers are no worse than the society. Perhaps this may be true, so far as regards the coarse and vulgar expression of animosities which, in educated circles, are sure to be restrained within the limits of some sort of courtesy. But if in ordinary times the press of India is, to use Mr. Mead's words, "licentious in its strictures, and low in point of morals," there can be no doubt that it would not have altered its tone when numberless events were arising every day to furnish food for criticism on the conduct of men in office. In an Appendix, Mr. Mead inserts three of the articles which, after the passing of the Act, brought down a warning on the papers that published them. The first is not an offensive or scurrilous article, but it asserts the right and almost the duty of England to put an end to the power of all local princes and sovereigns. If the Rajahs of Western and Central India really care no more whether this opinion is entertained and advocated throughout Calcutta than a Cornish miner cares whether the *Quarterly* has determined to attack or support the double government, the article is harmless; but otherwise it might have been very dangerous at a moment when the fidelity of many native princes was known to be wavering. The other articles are pieces of personal scandal and gossip, and are not worth reading, except so far as they illustrate the tone assumed by the journals, even after what they call "the Gagging Act" had passed.

The same point—the real relation of the English to the natives—must also be settled before we can set any great value on Mr. Mead's comments on the general conduct of Lord Canning. Mr. Mead complains that Lord Canning made light of the revolt, that he refused the offers of the inhabitants of Calcutta to form bands of volunteers, that he delayed sending reinforcements, and that he inflicted the moderate punishment of disbanding on the first mutineering regiments, instead of devoting them to instant death. All these acts appear in different lights, according as we consider it to be true policy to regard the natives as slaves, whom we are to take every opportunity of coercing into an abject fear, or as subjects, weak and foolish, perhaps, but deserving to be treated with tenderness and consideration. Mr. Mead is entirely of opinion that the cartridges were the real cause of the mutiny. Supposing this admitted by the advocates of each line of policy, the one would say, "the natives have luckily made a mistake, they have let us get a pull upon them, and now we can shoot enough to make an example"—the other would say, "this is a lamentable piece of Asiatic folly, which is best met by calmness, a temperate exposition of the real intentions of the Government, and a sincere desire to separate the blind, ignorant mass from designing ringleaders." Until we have decided which is the right line to take on this preliminary point, it is in vain to criticise particular acts. But we may remark that it is very unjust to compare the conduct of Sir John Lawrence with that of Lord Canning, and to say that the one showed his efficiency by strong measures, and the latter his inefficiency by weak ones. The two men were in positions essentially different. Sir John Lawrence was in an enemy's country, where, ten years ago, the English were fighting for their lives. Lord Canning was in a country where, as far as the memory of the oldest inhabitant extends, perfect peace has always reigned. To secure the advantage of striking the first blow might very well have been the best course for the one, and to avoid producing unnecessary irritation might have been the best course for the other.

Mr. Mead inveighs against the Company's Government on

three grounds—that it is insolvent, that it treats the natives in a wrong way, and that it treats Europeans in a wrong way. He estimates the probable annual deficiency of income, after the expenses of the Sepoy war have been met by a loan, at eight millions sterling. This, we should have thought, is a calculation extravagantly high, but that there will be for some years a great deficiency may be apprehended. Mr. Mead insists that the only way to meet it is to alter the land system. The rival merits of the different systems of the tenure of land in India form a subject on which it is perfectly hopeless for Englishmen who have not been in India to pronounce. The evidence is not so much conflicting as diametrically contrary. Mr. Mead tells us that the ryot is crushed and impoverished under the ryotwarry system of Madras. The upholders of that system tell us that it is the only one which suits the natives. Which is the truer statement, we do not attempt to decide; although, as we have said before, we think the burden of proof always lies on those who attack an existing system, and that the opinion of the members of the Civil Service of Madras is probably better worth having than that of an outside observer. But at any rate it is worth while knowing what Mr. Mead wants. He wishes the land now held under the ryotwarry system to be sold to any one who chooses to ask for it at twenty shillings an acre. The purchase money would go to wipe off the loan incurred by the Government, and the improvement of the land under the management of English adventurers would soon raise the revenue so as to meet the annual deficiency.

In criticising the conduct of the Company towards the natives, Mr. Mead appears to us to make two contradictory objections. In order to decri the ryotwarry system, he extols the Indian aristocracy, and speaks with disgust of the spoliation by which the old landlords have been stripped of their wealth. He stigmatizes that system as a Socialist scheme, because it reduces all to an equality of poverty. On the other hand, in order to find fault with the Government system of education, he tells us that it is absurd to treat the native gentleman as any better than the native peasant—that education should be given to the lowest of the people and not to the highest—and that, as to the Government schools, the missionaries would work them for half the money, and make the people Christians into the bargain. If, however, we strike the balance between these opinions, we shall find that the preponderance of Mr. Mead's wishes is greatly in favour of keeping the natives down. It is only as against the Company that he takes the part of the natives, when he urges that it is very hard that the ablest native cannot hope to rise to an influential position in the Government of the country where he lives. But when the question is not between the Company and the native, but between the English settler and the native—as when the land system has to be discussed, or the proper mode of dealing with the mutineers to be determined—then he makes us feel what he thinks of the "niggers." He wants the Hindoos to give up their land to English settlers, and to grow good crops for their new masters; and, in return, he is perfectly willing, and even anxious, that they should be baptized.

The land-system furnishes the principal ground of complaint against the Company on the score of their treatment of Europeans. English capital and English enterprise are excluded, Mr. Mead says, from India. "The fact of the fertility of Madras," we read, "the extent of its mineral resources, the general excellence of the climate, the almost perfect security of property from violence, are generally known; yet moneyed men forbear to build mills or dig mines, or become great landholders." Certainly, whatever may be the truth as to the disputed merits of ryotwarry, it is right, we think, if it is practicable, to look to the English capitalist as well as the poor Hindoo, in settling the tenure. It is for the benefit of India that its resources should be developed; and the first object to be attained is that these resources should be made the most of—not that the labourer should have any particular relation to the soil. In no way is the Hindoo likely to be raised so much as by giving his labour in the service of a master who can teach him how to turn it to the best account. The defective administration of the law is also another topic on which Mr. Mead insists, and we think very justly. That the English should not be amenable to the same courts as the natives, is a suggestion that belongs to a state of feeling towards the natives which, so far as we can see, it is most necessary to curb, when exhibited, as it so often is, by the settlers. To remedy the existing evil by importing shoals of English barristers nursed in the traditions of special pleading, would be a very doubtful gain; but that, in some way or other, the judges of India should be men trained to law, acquainted with its theory, and familiar with its practice, seems to us manifest. The system of creating boy-magistrates—of setting up youths who have never opened a law-book in their lives to decide on the lives and fortunes of thousands—is utterly indefensible. The third claim of Mr. Mead is that the settlers should be able to find an opening into the governing body. It is to his credit that he never even mentions the absurd project of a Calcutta Parliament. All he wishes is that the settlers should be eligible to posts for which they are fit. Mr. Mead appears to concede that they could not expect high places at once, and that they would seldom be prepared to enter the service of Government before they were forty. This concession limits the claim so much that it no longer needs serious consideration. It may be desirable that occasionally a middle-aged indigo-planter should be made a deputy-collector, but it can scarcely be necessary to upset a vast scheme of Government to effect this object.

POEMS.*

LONDON LYRICS, by Frederick Locker, seem to be the work of a man who has lived in Piccadilly, but kept a country heart—not a disagreeable sort of production, for few things are pleasanter than to see warm and fresh feelings controlled by the sense of a man of the world. The collection looks, and is, one of a very light and slight kind. It is marred by some bad faults of taste. What can be more atrocious than such a play of words as "the widow's mite"—"the widow's might," and who but the writer of a pantomime would be guilty of such a joke as "the trees have cut their ancient sticks?" When humour and sentiment are blended, the humour must keep bounds. However, there are some pretty lines in the book, for example, the following on Old Letters:—

Old letters! wipe away the tear,
And gaze upon these pale mementoes,
A pilgrim finds his journal here
Since first he took to walk on ten toes.
Yes, here are scrawls from Clapham Rise,
Do mothers still their school-boys pamper?
O, how I hated Doctor Wise!
O, how I lov'd a well-fill'd hamper!
How strange to commune with the Dead—
Dead joys, dead loves, and wishes thwarted:
Here's cruel proof of friendships fled,
And sad enough of friends departed.
And here's the offer that I wrote
In '33 to Lucy Diver;
And here John Wylie's begging note—
He never paid me back a stiver.
And here my feud with Major Spike,
Our bet about the French Invasion;
On looking back I acted like
A donkey upon that occasion.
And here a letter from "the Row,"—
How mad I was when first I learnt it!
They would not take my Book, and now
I'd give a trifle to have burnt it.
And here a heap of notes, at last,
With "love" and "dove," and "sever" "never"—
Though hope, though passion may be past,
Their perfume is as sweet as ever.
A human heart should beat for two,
Whatever say your single scornors,
And all the hearths I ever knew
Had got a pair of chimney corners.
See here a double violet—
Two locks of hair—a deal of scandal:
I'll burn what only brings regret—
Go, Betty, fetch a lighted candle.

The two last lines of the last stanza but three, "Though hope though passion may be past," &c., are the best of it.

Withered Leaves, by Rusticus, are evidently the work of a Scotchman returned from India. He has not got through four pages, when, in the middle of "The Music of the Heart," he begins to talk about the power of cash—in a deprecating sense, indeed, as becomes the bard, but not without a smack of appreciation. The poems were composed chiefly during the author's youth, when such inversions of grammar and sense as "British blood the Afghan spilled" were thought lawful and even ornamental. They are published "at the request of a very dear friend," who did not think of the expedient of asking for a single copy for himself. For the most part they are the merest "Music of the Heart."

Wake! wake! my loved muse, thou hast slumbered too long,
Too long has been hushed thy bright melody's fire;
Oh! wake thee to gladden once more with thy song,
To breathe a new life on the strings of my lyre!

Once Rusticus rises to something tolerable. It is when he throws down "the minstrel's lyre" for a moment and gives us his genuine thoughts, though only about the points of a departed horse:—

Awake! awake, my mournful strain!
Yet wherefore wake? thy song's in vain,
Thou canst not bring him back again,
My stout! my gallant bay!
Of Whisker's noble blood he came,
And well he bore his grandsire's fame,
He was so staunch, so true and game,
So honest and so gay!
His trotting show'd his action free,
His legs were clean as limbs could be,
He was so full of symmetry!
My brave! my noble steed!
His chest was deep, his head was small,
His height was good, but not too tall,
And none so quiet in the stall,
And never off his feed!
No washy colour his, I ween,
His points as dark as e'er were seen,
And no ungainly width between
His quarters long and full!

* *London Lyrics*. By Frederick Locker. With an illustration by George Cruikshank. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

Withered Leaves. By Rusticus. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1857.

Antenna. Poems by Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., &c. London: Longmans. Derby: R. Keene. 1858.

Poems and Love Lyrics. By Robert W. Buchanan. Glasgow: Thomas Murray and Son. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

His mouth so fine, in racing stride,
The weakest child his pace could guide,
He never needed curb to chide,
His temper was so cool!
No spavin e'er his hocks embraced,
Nor splint his sinewy legs defaced,
No firing e'er his coat disgraced,
Nor burnt a hair away!
Not Alexander's fiery steed,
Nor wild Thessalia's famous breed,
Surpassed thy fleet and lasting speed,
My gallant little bay!

But we soon slide back again into "He gasped upon the verdant sward," and "The fate of one I loved so well, chilled every pulse with icy spell"—very withered leaves indeed!

"As the beautiful butterfly emerging from its chrysalis, unfolds its delicately feathered antennæ, and puts them forth as feelers to assure itself of safety while gaining confidence and strength to venture alone into the great world before it, or to soar away into the boundless air," so Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt puts forth his literary *Antennæ*, trusting that their "delicate sensitiveness" may assure him what sort of reception he is likely to meet with from a critical world. If we might speak for the critical world, we should strongly recommend him to draw his horns in again. The volume is less like "a beautiful butterfly" than a moth—it is such a pale, filmy, twilight sort of creature. It is deeply dismal, and always "whistling wearily," "hopelessly, tearlessly," "heavily, drearily," with sad refrains and plaintive iterations. Its general burden is that of the last lines of the "Canker Worm":—

Seasons all are full of sorrow,
Pain and gall, and misery,
Human hearts know no kind feeling,
Till they lay them down to die.

But sometimes it cheers up a little, and is all the better for it:—

I love the merry Summer,
Its gorgeous swell of flowers,
Its warm and dancing sunlight,
Its shaded leafy bowers;
I love its warmth and gladness,
Its cheerful loving face,
Its happy joyous laughter
Ringing through every place.

We think we can imagine—nay, we think we have actually seen—a "gorgeous swell," but we cannot imagine a "gorgeous swell of flowers."

Mr. Jewitt's poems appear to have come into the world before their time, for the date on their title-page is 1858. They ought still to be in the womb of the future. Perhaps this accident may in part account for their weakness.

Mr. Robert W. Buchanan's *Poems and Love Lyrics* were written, with three exceptions, before he was sixteen; and he tells us in his preface, that he knows very well he is publishing crudities. But still he cannot restrain himself from publishing. The best punishment for his wilful offence against the public is, to quote one of his most mature efforts—one of the three sonnets written after he was sixteen:—

BENEATH BEN CRUACHAN BY DAWN.

Shrill chanticleer salutes the lazy Morn;
The stock-dove in the *matin* quiet broods;
The merle he twitters in the moist woods;
The bee it carols o'er the mellow corn.
Wrapt in the cadence of a thousand rills,
Far o'er his head of mist, amid the cloudy,
Ben Cruachan his brow *coeval* shrouds—
King Cruachan, bleak monarch among hills.
Now, stripping, in the azure lake below,
His co-eternal mirror, he surveys
His limbs gigantic; and a crimson glow
Of regal pride illumines his features old.
Lo! Fancy lifts us upward as we gaze—
High on his brow pure speech, with Beauty—God! we hold.

Fancy Ben Cruachan taking off his misty coat and indescribable, to look at himself in Loch Awe! And what is the meaning of "coeval," in the seventh line? Is Ben Cruachan's brow "coeval" with the clouds, or is the epithet used promiscuously?

Personification of the great objects of nature is a strong point in the volume. We have seen Ben Cruachan committing an indecent exposure; here is Winter, drunk and disorderly, and something worse:—

Hugging black Night, his drunken paramour,
Huge Winter raved out o'er the groaning plains,
And smote Earth's helpless cheek, that paled beneath
His savage hand. With the deep draughts yon sky
Held in its cloudy heart intoxicated,
Now beats he Beauty, Summer's stolen child,
O'er the cold plains, nor lets the aching form
That stumbles ever and anon, worn out,
Across the wold, one moment's quiet find.
He scatters wildly on the howling winds
The lint-white locks that deck her helpless head.

In the poems written before sixteen, are some things which, in point of sentiment, as well as composition, require and may plead the excuse of youth.

For the three last of these four bards, we can only wish them a safe passage over the Styx, *sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescant*. It is very melancholy, but if such subjects will come before the tribunal of public criticism, there is no help for it; they must be judged. If they spun the paper and type out of their own brains, as well as their ideas, their diversion would be more harmless, and critics might be disarmed.

THE CHEMISTRY OF WINE.*

A TREATISE on the composition of wine comes oddly enough at the present moment before the public. Unless the ravages of the *oidium* are speedily stopped, in some manner which shall not poison the grape as well as the insect, our children will have to class port and sherry among *les dieux déchus*. In that case, the volume before us will have a value which its author scarcely contemplated. Carrying with it the combined authorities of a Dutch professor and an English physician, it will be an assurance to "the after-world" that their fathers, from Noah downwards, consumed liquors the constituents of which may be expressed chemically in certain formulæ and by certain proportions. Perhaps, as science advances, and chemistry becomes creative as well as analytical, the extinct species may even be reconstructed from the pages before us. Dr. Mulder's chapter on adulterations, induces us to believe that we stand, as it were, on the threshold of this discovery.

A glance will show that the interest of the book is chiefly professional. It is a clear chemical statement of the different constituents of wines, and the way in which these act upon one another under the processes of growth and manufacture. Two very curious chapters touch upon methods of distinguishing wines and producing counterfeits. The chemist and the wine-merchant will find it a convenient handbook for their special purposes, but it is not likely to become generally popular. This is not merely because it enters into technical details, for Liebig, Faraday, and Hofmann have abundantly shown that pure science may be interesting. But Dr. Mulder does not combine and illustrate artistically. Clear and pregnant in themselves, his chapters are so many separate essays, which require to be thought out again into order by the reader. This would be an unpardonable fault if the book were intended for general circulation—as it is, it will probably hinder it from receiving the attention which it really deserves. The translation seems to have been executed faithfully and well; the style is clear and easy; and the English singularly good for a scientific manual. Should a second edition be called for, we hope that the English equivalents of foreign measures—the hectare, the litre, and the gramme—will be given separately, and not merely in the passages where these terms first occur.

Different kinds of wine are, it seems, determined partly by the variety of grape employed, and partly by the character of the soil and climate. Sometimes these causes result in the greatest difference. The presence of a little more lime in the soil seems to distinguish Champagne from Burgundy; while Constantia and the Vin de Paille of Hermitage, at opposite ends of the world, are extremely similar. In proportion as we go far north, the want of light and heat asserts itself in the diminished production of sugar in the grape; and to this cause the great acidity of Rhine wines must be attributed. The leaves of the plant are its best manure; and such substances as decay slowly—wool, horn, and bone-black—conduce very much to its fragrance. On the other hand, drainage and putrid fish have an unpleasant tendency to assimilate the aroma of the wine to their own. Vines ought properly to be kept down, after German or French fashion, in order that the grapes may be more thoroughly ripened by the reflected rays of the sun, and the warmth exhaled from the earth through the evenings and nights. Sugar, vegetable albumen, and vegetable mucus or gum, with tartaric and malic acids, are the most important organic constituents of the grape; but, naturally, the number of these is considerable, and racemic acid is more and more constantly found. Tannic acid is present in the skins, the stones, and the stalks. The most important inorganic element of grape-juice is potash, to which physicians commonly ascribe the efficacy of the grape cure. A certain blue colouring matter, which is reddened by the acid of the unripe grape, and slowly deepens into purple and black, as the fruit matures and sweetens, is of some importance, as it serves to shade the grape from the sun, and in this way diminishes the quantity of sugar. The white grapes, therefore, which admit more easily the powerful chemical action of light, are generally superior in flavour and smell.

The fermentation of wine is, of course, the most important part of its manufacture. The mucus or albumen of the grape (gum and white of egg are the commonest forms of these substances) is converted by the absorption of oxygen, forming, probably, phosphoric acid (PO_5) with the phosphorus of the albumen, into a yeasty cellular substance, which we call ferment. In the globules or cells of this, the contents, which are the active principle of decomposition, exude through the walls, and reproduce themselves, splitting up into separate products the substances with which they come in contact. Thus the sugar of the grape ($\text{C}^{12} \text{H}^{12} \text{O}^{12}$) is resolved into two constituent parts—two atoms of alcohol ($\text{C}^6 \text{H}^{12} \text{O}^4$), and two atoms of carbonic acid ($\text{C}^4 \text{O}^4$). Dr. Mulder's formula is that commonly given for cane sugar, apparently on principle, as he says elsewhere that the name grape-sugar no longer denotes a particular kind. This is simply a question of analysis. But his distinction between putrefaction and fermentation is, to say the least, singular:—

Schmidt mentions that gluten, meat, or ferment in an advanced stage of decomposition, if put into a solution of one part sugar in four parts of water, loses in a few hours all signs of putrefaction, and yields a liquid of an agreeable odour, and which, if distilled, furnishes alcohol. This fact is of importance on two accounts; it teaches us that sugar reverses the action of putrefaction,

* *The Chemistry of Wine*. By G. J. Mulder. Edited by H. Bence Jones, M.D., F.R.S. London: J. Churchill.

annuls it, and sets up fermentation. Putrefaction would progress, were it not for the sugar, which decides the movement of the molecule to fermentation.

Dr. Mulder no doubt errs in this passage from looseness of style rather than from inaccurate knowledge, but his language certainly implies a difference which does not exist. The decomposition of an organic body is determined by the same conditions, and follows the same laws, whether the term by which we express it be putrefaction or fermentation. Only in practice we apply the term fermentation to cases where starch or sugar are largely present; and when, in the splitting up of these, alcohol is produced, its presence and antiseptic qualities determine the change in such a manner that it does not exhibit itself with the unpleasant phenomena which the vulgar associate with putrefaction.

As there is never any want of vegetable ferment, sugar and oxygen are the chief constituents which the wine maker has to adjust. In cold years, when the grape has been badly ripened, sugar is often added before fermentation begins, and this admixture cannot afterwards be detected. But the wine, thus treated, will probably be deficient in aroma. Liebig recommended that air should be freely admitted; but the success of this experiment appears to depend upon the kind of wine. Warmth increases fermentation, and if judiciously applied after cellaring, will give it the aroma and flavour which are properly only acquired with years. Generally, the great object in keeping wine is to diminish the water in it, and increase the tartaric acid. Casks or leathern bottles allow the water to evaporate slowly through their pores. And when the wine is thus concentrated, an increase of acid results naturally. As evaporation is promoted by a warm climate, wines which are rich enough in sugar to admit the acidifying process are often sent on sea voyages to India. "I have had Madeira," says Dr. Mulder, "which had been seven times in cask to the East Indies and back, and truly such nectar was unknown to the gods of the ancients."

Most of the colouring matter of the grape is lost during fermentation; but its place is supplied by tannic acid, which is derived from the skins and stalks, or from the wine-casks, and which unites with the oxygen that is sure to be enclosed in the bottles, or dissolved, in the alcohol and water, into an apothema or precipitate of tannic acid. This, as long as it is suspended in the wine, colours it; but after a time, uniting with the original colouring matter, the two are precipitated together. Hence, in port and other heavily loaded wines, the colour, if they be long kept, fades gradually into a pale yellow, the result of that small residuum of apothema, which is soluble in alcohol. Light promotes the formation of this curious oxide. "It has been observed that if red wine be put into well-corked glass bottles and exposed to full daylight, a flocculent precipitate is obtained, and the colouring matter is in this manner withdrawn from the wine. The flavour and aroma of the wine do not suffer." This experiment may be easily verified with a jug of claret in the space of a few hours.

It is difficult to decide in what adulteration consists. Freezing, if the cake of ice be removed, withdraws proportionately more water than alcohol, and "renders weaker wines almost equal to the better sorts in their alcoholic contents." On the other hand, "in order to increase the appearance of age in wine speedily, it has been recommended to place bottles corked, but not quite filled with wine, for two hours in warm water in a temperature of 185° F., afterwards allow the wine to cool, and fill the bottles. Wine containing much spirit acquires thus the flavour and aroma of that which has been cellared ten or twelve years." These processes have the same result as if more alcohol were put in, or as if, in the second case, aroma were added, and colouring matter and tartaric acid or alcohol withdrawn; yet Dr. Mulder does not stigmatize them with the name of adulteration, but he condemns as illegitimate the mixing together of different wines, or the addition of sugar, alcohol, or water. The difference is less than it at first seems—especially as sugar is added before fermentation, and therefore becomes chemically a part of the wine. Of course no one would scruple to condemn the mixture of such a substance as acetic ether, by which a fine aroma is counterfeited, or the colouring with logwood and the juice of elder-berries. The lowest scale of imposture—the formation of a false crust of tartrate, not to change the quality of the wine, but to make it seem as if it had been long in cask—does not come within the scope of the chemistry of wine. Generally, Dr. Mulder's conclusions are of the most disheartening kind to rigid purists:—

Comparison renders it sufficiently clear that many so-called methods of detecting are methods of concealment. . . . In our country, these adulterations have not yet been practised to any great extent; in England, they are far beyond us. But we may prepare ourselves for a terrible future; for so soon as an acquaintance with oxides of ethyl, and other combinations which occur in wine, spreads, we may expect a new series of adulterations of wine with aromatic ingredients. Insuperable difficulties will be opposed to their detection; and if nothing has been used except what may possibly exist in wine, the only means of discovering adulteration will be to analyse the relative proportions—and such a proceeding would be very far from easy.

THE TRUCE OF GOD AND THE TIERS-ETAT.*

M. SEMICHON is an advocate of Rouen, who, having undertaken an inquiry into the origin of the *communes* and the rise of the Third Estate in France, found himself led to unexpected results. Beginning his investigations with the eleventh

century, he was struck by two great features, which bore to each other the relation of bane and antidote—the practice of private war, and the measures devised for its suppression or mitigation:—

We looked [he says] in the first instance for the civil power—for royalty; but instead of royalty, everywhere appeared the Church, preparing in the bosom of the profoundest anarchy the reign of peace, order, and regular justice, by the institution of the *Peace* and the *Truce of God*.

The royal power had become, we are told, so complete a nullity, that Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres, in writing to Robert I., threatened, if his application should be rejected, to appeal to some other King or to the Emperor. No justice was to be got except by the strong hand—every noble was entitled to carry on war on his own account—a frightful confusion everywhere prevailed, and the weak were ground to the dust. In this state of things, the Church devised the "Peace" and the "Truce of God," with the view of sheltering the unwarlike classes—clergy and monks, women and children, pilgrims and the tillers of the soil—from the outrages which war carried in its train, and from the violence which was everywhere rife. It ordered that the defenceless should not be molested, that their property should be respected, that the husbandman, his labours and his implements, the shepherd and his flocks, should be exempted from suffering by the quarrels or the rapacity of their stronger neighbours; and it proscribed all private war, not only at especially holy seasons, but during a certain portion of every week. To the observance of these laws the people of a whole district—larger or smaller, as the case might be—bound themselves by oath, and sometimes by a written compact. The truce was enforced by the threat of excommunication; and, in addition to this spiritual penalty, other means were provided for the same purpose. The Peace societies of those days did not confine themselves to arbitration and the like quakerly expedients, but, if any baron were refractory, they were bound by their engagements to bring him to his senses by pulling his castle down about his ears. The management of the whole machinery was in the hands of the hierarchy; it was to the bishop or to the archdeacon that complaints were made; and, under the orders of these dignitaries, the pacificators of a district marched to reduce the strongholds of the contumacious *Front-de-Bœufs*, headed by the parish priests, and perhaps commanded in chief by the venerable Archdeacon himself. To such a degree was the system of association for the enforcement of peace established, that the term *pax* was used to designate a territory whose inhabitants were leagued in an association of this kind. Thus, the *pax* of Rouen or Noyon meant much the same as the modern *banlieue*. From France, the institution of the Truce made its way into other countries. It occurs in the laws of Edward the Confessor; it was adopted by Italian and Spanish Councils; and at length it was solemnly proclaimed by Popes—as by Urban II., when inaugurating the first Crusade at the Council of Clermont, and by Calixtus II., at the Council of Rheims, in 1119.

The importance of the Truce of God with reference to M. Semichon's original object consists in its having, as he supposes, given the first idea of popular associations; and to the societies thus formed he traces the *communes* which soon afterwards became conspicuous in French history. He therefore regards the *communes* as the offspring of the Church—a result of the measures originated by the hierarchy at a time when the Crown was impotent for the vindication of right or order. The agency of the Church in this respect he supposes to have been at its height in the twelfth century. In the thirteenth, a spirit of opposition to the clergy had arisen, so that their voice was no longer regarded as before; and, in the meantime, the Royalty of France had become strong enough to do its work. Private war was almost extinct, and the Peace associations had in some quarters degenerated into secret confederacies, dangerous alike to the Church and to the Throne. Instead of the Truce of God, there was then established the Truce of the King—an institution which, as described by our author, seems to have had more connexion with the old Teutonic laws as to sanctuary and compensation for wrongs than with the system which it immediately superseded.

After all that has been written on the subject, the meaning of the *Pax Dei*, as distinguished from the *Treuga*, appears to be somewhat doubtful. The natural inference from the terms would be, that the two had a common object—that the *pax* aimed at doing permanently and completely what the *treuga* did partially. With this idea agrees the account which Radulph the Bald gives of the matter. This chronicler represents the "peace" as requiring an entire cessation of private war. He tells us that the strictness of such a rule tempted people into a breach of the engagements by which they had bound themselves; and that some years later (about A.D. 1041), the "truce," which claimed only four days out of the week, was introduced by way of compromise. Nor is any other distinction than this—that the peace was perpetual and the truce intermittent—laid down by those two high authorities, Ducange (with his editors) and Gieseler. But M. Semichon tells us that the objects of the two were different—that the Peace was limited to the protection of churches, clergy, women, agriculturists, &c., while the Truce was intended to restrain the fighting propensities of the nobles; and the same view is quoted by a Milan from Datt, who wrote in the end of the seventeenth century—so that M. Semichon is quite mistaken in supposing the distinction which he draws to have been unperceived until lately. In truth, it would appear that the term *pax* was variously used. In contrast with the *treuga*, it most properly bore the meaning

* *La Paix et la Trêve de Dieu. Histoire des premiers Développemens du Tiers-Etat par l'Eglise et les Associations. Par Ernest Semichon. Paris: Didier.*

which we have first stated, and which is confirmed by Radulph's narrative. Afterwards, when a system was established which required an entire abstinence from some kinds of violence, while it only suspended for certain periods the right of private war, the name of "peace" seems to have been given to the permanent part of this system—a distinction which is marked in the Acts of a Council at Narbonne, A.D. 1054. But, besides these uses of the term, we continually meet, both in councils and in chronicles, with such expressions as *par, quæ est treuga Dei*—expressions which seem to show that the two had, after a time, come to be identified, or rather, perhaps, that the word *par* was used to signify the manner in which the *treuga* was to be observed.

On M. Semichon's theory as to the *communes*—which, however, he does not claim as altogether his own—we do not undertake to give an opinion. We shall only remind our readers that M. Guizot considers it a mistake to refer the origin of the *communes* to any single influence, and regards them as partly derived from the old Roman municipalities—partly established by feudal lords, who, in consideration of certain services, bestowed privileges on their neighbours or dependents—and partly the result of struggles by which the third estate extorted privileges for itself. But we must say that M. Semichon is not a writer likely to inspire his readers with any great confidence. His style is what may be called the French pseudo-professorial. "Remarquons" this thing; "Nous avons constaté" the other thing; "Envisageons ces faits," and so forth; and there is a prodigious number of those pompous little paragraphs, from three-quarters of a line to two lines and a half in length, in which inferior French writers love to enounce their oracular nothings. In mentioning the Council of Clermont, he thinks it necessary to tell us that "Nous regardons cette époque comme un des moments solennels de l'histoire;" and there is the same sort of rhetorical twaddle in almost every page. His references are far from satisfactory, and his documents are not given in the original, but in a translation which is not, we should think, likely to be more read than the Latin would have been, while it is without that authority which the originals would have possessed. But, lest it should be supposed that we are too general in our censures, we may notice one or two specimens of M. Semichon's skill in detail. At the outset of the essay, in describing the lawlessness which prevailed in France at the beginning of the eleventh century, he says:—

Raoul Glaber raconte que, sur les chemins, les forts saisissaient les faibles, les dérobait, les réduisaient, et les mangeaient. Quelques-uns présentaient à des enfants un œuf, un fruit, et les attirait à l'écart pour les dévorer. Un individu osa étaler de la chair humaine à vendre sur le marché de Tournus. Il ne nia point, et fut brûlé. Un autre alla pendant la nuit déterrer cette même chair, et fut brûlé de même.

Taking this as it stands, our author's reasoning is curious. "People," he says in effect, "were allowed to eat one another; for those who were caught in such practices, or in ministering to them, were burnt alive!" But, as the writer quoted is not wholly unknown to us, it struck us that M. Semichon had omitted a somewhat important part of the tale, and on referring to our old friend the Monk of Cluny, we found our impression to be correct—the horrors in question are related, not as ordinary occurrences, but as effects of a terrible famine which lasted three years. And Radulph adds an account of another wretch who, on being detected in cannibalism, was seized and burnt by the Count and other authorities of Mâcon. Bad as the times were, therefore, they were not quite so bad as M. Semichon represents them.

Again, among the councils which established the "Truce" was one held at Elne, an episcopal city on the Spanish border—in 1027, according to some writers, but more probably twenty years later. Whereas the Truce, as defined by synods about the year 1041, was to extend from Wednesday evening to daybreak on Monday, this Council fixed its beginning at 3 P.M. on Saturday; and on the supposition that the Council of Elne was held in 1047, the shortening of the weekly period is explained by supposing that the longer term had been found impracticable, as the perpetual peace had formerly been. M. Semichon's way of dealing with the matter is very remarkable. At p. 31 he tells us that the Council of Elne was in 1027, and that it must have been earlier than certain other councils, because it prescribes only a day and a half for the Truce, whereas they require four days—the movement having advanced in the meantime. But at p. 87 we find the acts of the identical Council of Elne again cited, with the date 1047 (and with a misprint of the presiding Bishop's name), as evidence "que l'Eglise fut obligée pour un temps de diminuer les jours de trêve."

It is therefore pretty clear that, whether the new theory as to the *communes* be true or untrue, it is not fortunate in its champion; and for our own part we are resolved that, if ever we should have the misfortune to figure in the courts of Rouen, whether as plaintiffs or defendants, no confidence in the goodness of our cause shall tempt us to engage M. Semichon as counsel.

THE AQUARIUM IN GERMANY.*

A FASHION, or a folly, quickly makes the tour of Europe. Hats and crinolines, polkas and potichomanies, appeal to the sensibilities of Fraulein Sauerkraut, as vividly as to Madlle. Trietrac, or Miss Arabella Smith. A reasonable idea travels with

* Das Süßwasser Aquarium. Eine Anleitung zur Herstellung und Pflege desselben. Von E. A. Rossmässler. 1857.

slower movement, simply because, being the product of intelligence, it appeals to intellect, which is less easily stimulated than taste; but, if, with slower movement, the reasonable idea does nevertheless travel, and finds reception in foreign lands. One of the most laudable "rages" of the last few years has undoubtedly been the "rage" for tanks and vases of fresh and sea-water plants and animals, which, while furnishing a very elegant ornament to the drawing-room and verandah, as well as a harmless and instructive amusement to ladies and gentlemen, also greatly tend to the culture of natural history as a scientific pursuit, and give the student many facilities hitherto denied him. It is curious to read now and then, in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, the almost naïve confessions of scientific men that they have studied such or such an animal at the seaside, and have not drawn up their descriptions from specimens preserved in spirits. No one doubts that the live animal should be studied, and the animal recently dead dissected. But unless the student happen to live on the coast, his opportunities must necessarily be few and fitful. With an aquarium, he may pursue his investigations in Paris, London, or Edinburgh almost as well as on the coast; and he has the further advantage of being able to watch the habits and manners of animals for weeks together.

We need not, however, occupy our space with arguments in favour of the aquarium. It is a *fait accompli*. It has taken its place in our homes. It has produced a new branch of industry. Glass manufacturers are active in the construction of tanks and vases—enterprising purveyors of animals and plants have their emissaries scouring the ponds and streams for fresh-water produce, and hunting among the rocks of almost every part of our seaboard for anemones and molluscs. Already the literature of the subject has become extensive—poor and catchpenny works form the most part, consisting of extracts from Mr. Gosse, Dr. Harvey, and Professor Forbes, made by men who have very little knowledge of their own; yet indicative of a growing taste on the part of the public. And now we find that the idea has reached Germany, where manufacturers are beginning to construct tanks, and popular writers are beginning to publish trashy books for *Damen*—"for women and children." German writers, when they mean to be popular, generally assume that unless a book is specially addressed to professors, it must perforce be written down to the feeblest understanding; and we must say that the understandings of the German *Damen* are distressingly feeble, if the popular books addressed to them are to be accepted as the gauge. Herr Rossmässler is a well-known popular writer, and he has produced an elegant little book on the *Fresh-water Aquarium*, illustrated with fifty woodcuts, representing the principal plants and animals suitable to an aquarium; but the scantiness and superficiality of his letter-press are more remarkable than those of our very trashiest works. To judge from this specimen, our German brothers are in the very infancy of the art. In spite of the numerous works published in England, containing practical directions and information respecting the habits of animals—works from which Herr Rossmässler might have easily supplied his own lamentable deficiencies—not a hint escapes him that the aquarium has for some time been an ornament of our drawing-rooms. In sketching the history of the subject, he makes mention of no Englishman. "Men like Swammerdam," he says, "Leeuwenhoek, Réaumur, Schaffer, and Trembley, whose names are on weather-stained tombstones, but shine with ineffaceable splendour on the tables of science, were the first, although the unconscious, inventors of our aquaria." Begging pardon of Herr Rossmässler's ignorance, these men were nothing of the kind; and in the pages of a book specially devoted to the aquarium, such a statement is not to be passed over. Naturalists, at all times, as well as boys and girls, have placed animals and plants in tumblers of water, in order that they might watch them! But a tumbler of water containing organic beings is not an aquarium, any more than a tramway is a railroad. The peculiarity of an aquarium is that it rests on a physiological law, and aims at an æsthetic result. The physiological law is one by which a balance of life is secured, the plants furnishing animals with incessant supplies of oxygen, and the animals supplying plants with an incessant supply of carbonic acid; so that, when once the aquarium is properly constructed, both plants and animals live and flourish without demanding change of water, or special attention. Now, this important and essential condition was utterly unknown to the elder naturalists, who had no means of keeping their animals alive, except by vigilant attention and frequent change of the water; and consequently they cannot in any sense be regarded as the inventors of our aquarium, since they neither knew the scientific conditions implied, nor empirically practised the necessary method. Then, again, to the physiological law we have added an æsthetic aim. We are not content with a vase of water in which animals and plants are thrown. We build a mimic rock-pool; and we make our tanks water-gardens, wherein microcosmic effects are attained. The plants grow from the surface of stones, as they cluster on their native rocks; the fish shelter themselves under the ledges of stone, as they shelter themselves in their native creeks; the annelids are furnished with sand and mud in which to bury themselves; the welcome obscurity is given to those who shun the light. All this is done on principle, and it makes the aquarium a specifically different thing from any tumbler or vase in which a naturalist may have kept his temporary captives.

Herr Rossmässler's statement turns out to be an enormous

blunder; and to make it the more remarkable, while giving the credit of the invention to Swammerdam and Company, who have no sort of claim to it, he omits to name all those persons who really have a claim. He writes a chapter entitled "History of the Aquarium," and actually passes over all the names, without exception, which have any right to be mentioned. This may be *Litteratur für Damen* in Germany, but in England it is called by a less agreeable name. Had Herr Rossmässler taken pains to inquire, and had he thought proper to state that all his knowledge (which does not seem much) was derived from English writers, he might have informed *die Damen*, without too severely taxing their intellects, that to Mr. Ward is due the creation of this aquarium. His "glass cases," so well known now all over Europe, were the first attempts at making animals and plants support each other. In 1849, he stated at the British Association that he had not only succeeded in growing seaweeds in sea-water, but in making the sea-water in which they grew. In 1850, Mr. Warrington described the balance of life, and its necessary conditions. Mr. Gosse further exemplified and extended the principle, and soon the Aquarium became the fashion.

Herr Rossmässler further betrays his superficial knowledge of this subject in his statement respecting sea-water Aquaria. He confines himself to the fresh-water, because he does not believe that it will ever be practicable to establish sea-water tanks in an inland town, except at an enormous expense. Now it is precisely in a country like Germany, poorly provided with sea-board, that sea-water tanks are supremely desirable; and, inasmuch as sea-water may be manufactured in any quantity with the greatest ease, the whole expense would consist in the transport of animals from the coast inland—not a very costly item. But Herr Rossmässler gives his *Damen* no hint of this manufacture of sea-water. Indeed, he gives them very few hints at all, and the sole value of his book is in directing the attention of his public to the means of establishing an aquarium, and in giving them some woodcut representations whereby they may identify certain plants and animals. He is, as we said, a well-known writer of popular books, and appears to us a very stupid gentleman.

NOTICE.

In the first number of the SATURDAY REVIEW, we stated that its usual size would be sixteen pages, or thirty-two columns. For some time past, however, we have found it impossible, consistently with the adequate treatment of the various subjects which, in increasing number, claim our notice, to keep within the limit which we had originally announced; and we have therefore determined to increase the size of the REVIEW permanently to twenty-four pages, or forty-eight columns. In consequence of this enlargement, the price of the SATURDAY REVIEW will, on and from January 2nd, 1858, be 6d., stamped copies, 7d.

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